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Vol. CXLVI No. 1905 — WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC — JULY 25 1936

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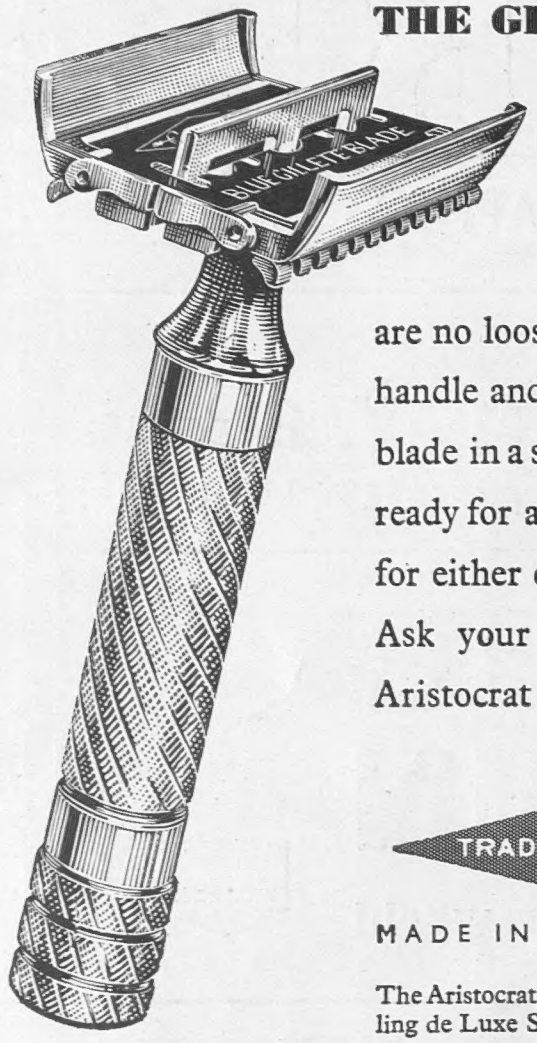

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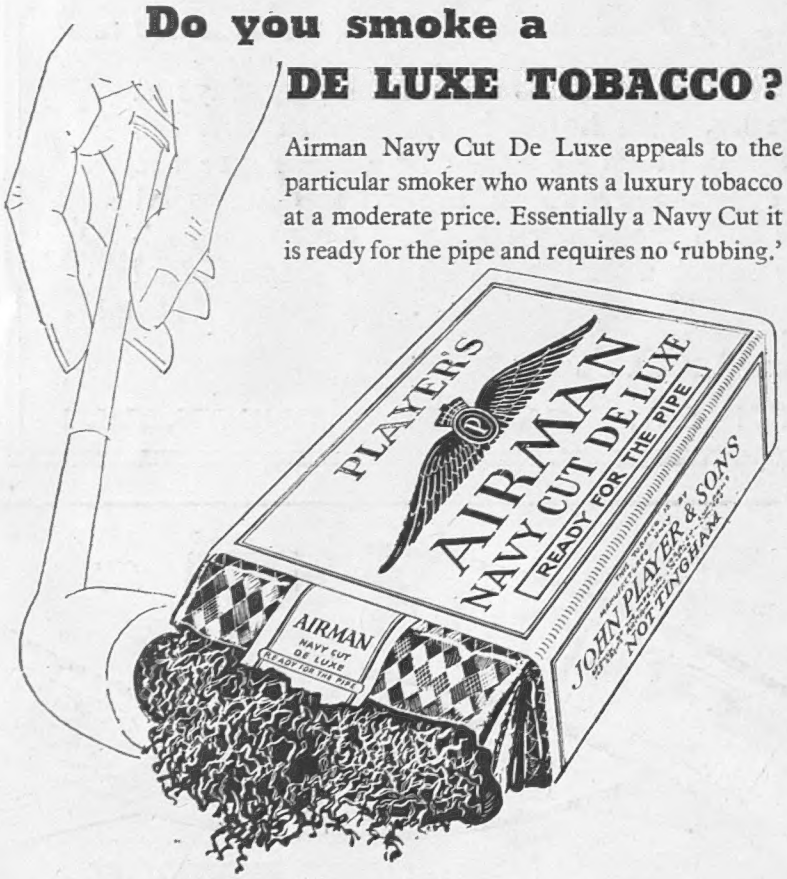

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The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, July 25, 1936

THE KING'S FIRST GARDEN RECEPTION

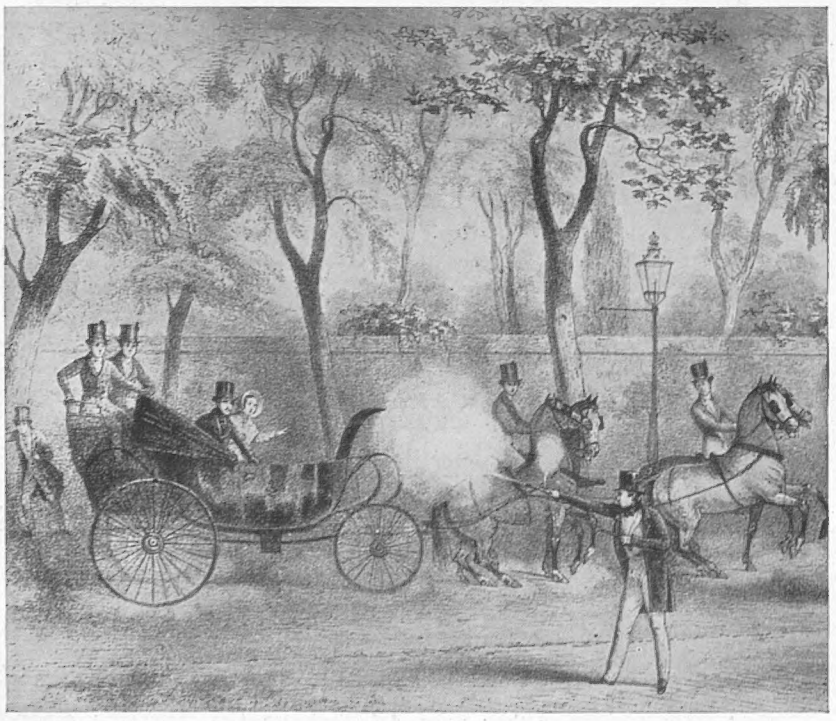
Seated Beneath the Shamiana, His Majesty Receives the Debutantes

On Tuesday afternoon, under an uncertain sky, the King, in the lovely grounds of Buckingham Palace, held the first of his two garden receptions. His Majesty occupied a gilded chair of state. Various members of the Royal Family were seated immediately behind him, and in the Royal circle were the Duke and Duchess of York, the Duke and Duchess of Kent, the Duke of Connaught, Lord Carnegie and Lady Maud Carnegie, Lord and Lady Carisbrooke, the Duchess of Beaufort, Lord Frederick Cambridge, and Lady Helena Gibbs. His Majesty, at first, stood while Ambassadors and Ministers and their wives passed before him, and after half-an-hour received his guests seated, as recorded here. The guests' cards of invitation were handed to a line of waiting officials and as each daintily gowned lady curtseyed to the King a scene of great stateliness and charm presented itself to the eye

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

THE KING'S REACH: The Right Hon. Lord Ritchie of Dundee, Chairman of the Port of London Authority with Lady Ritchie who last week unveiled the panel erected by the Port of London Authority on the Thames Embankment to commemorate the jubilee of the late King George's accession

A NOTABLE RETIREMENT: Colonel Sir Percy Laurie, for many years Deputy Assistant Commissioner of Scotland Yard, shaking hands with the guard of honour of pipers when on Friday of last week he retired from his position under the age limit of fifty-five. He has been at the "Yard" since 1919



WHEN QUEEN VICTORIA WAS SHOT AT: On June 10, 1840 at nearly the same spot where last week's incident took place, Edward Oxford fired at Queen Victoria. Her bravery is thus described by the Prince Consort to his brother, "I put both arms around her and asked her how she felt, but she only laughed"

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

32–34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4,
Wednesday, July 22, 1936.

THE INCIDENT IN CONSTITUTION HILL.—Attempts at assassination are rare in England, but it remains to say that seven attempts, more or less ineffectual *ab initio*, have been made on the lives of our sovereigns since 1840, in practically 100 years. Constitution Hill has usually been the strategic point chosen. The men who made the attempts have been almost invariably weak-minded or abnormal, ego-maniacs or grievance-ridden individuals of a recognised type in ineffectual assassination attempts, more concerned to register a protest or to get their names in print than to shed blood. Naturally, the incident of last week created a most painful impression, and a wave of relief, sympathy, and admiration for the King's coolness, which was not less praiseworthy for the merciful fact that the King's life was not in fact immediately endangered in the event as it fell out. What was in the mind of the man McMahon will be investigated in due course in a court of law. It seems likely that his action will be found to have been something in the nature of a protest-gesture by an individual of weak mind. It is safe to say that the King's privilege of mingling, as far as royalty may, freely and safely among his people will not be curtailed by the incident. Indeed, in the increased watchfulness of his loyal subjects, he will go his way with greater safety still. Half-men and weak-minded men are the unfortunate portion of every nation. Determined political assassins have been, thank God, rarely found in Britain. They have neither the causes of grievance nor the fair field for their crimes. Assassination is of all forms of madness the starkest lunacy. It is to be hoped that the incident may soon be dismissed and forgotten as the ineffectual folly of a *crétin*.

AT VIMY.—Memory died for many of us—with other good things—at the Armistice. Our war experiences have faded to mere shadows—very seldom to be brought back to substance—while pre-war memories remain often very vivid. A great sponge wiped out the record of the one great experience in thousands on thousands of humdrum lives. The very ground round Vimy is essentially altered. The setting of so much misery and suffering and courage and despair is unrecognisable. A vast block of masonry stands like an inexorable tombstone above the ashes of what was the life's work of thousands of fine men and should be the pride of memory for scores of thousands. It is holy ground—chiefly for Canada. So Canadian war veterans have flocked back to Vimy to recapture the elusive spirit of war time, to cure frail memory, to live their sufferings and triumphs over again. I remember in those dreadful days—memory yields me that—what trust we reposed in those Canadians, how gladly we left the business at Vimy to them, with what wonder we watched them, with the Australians, at last, wave on irresistible wave, rolling back the tide from Amiens and smashing a way through to Tournai, Aix, Cologne! The maple leaf is blood-red to-day and to-morrow at Vimy. As Ardennes, in older wars, waved above the honoured dead her green leaves, dewy with Nature's tear-drops, the maple leaf, the badge of the old Canadian veterans, adorns the living and the dead that fought at Vimy, those who stayed and those who won away—to return this day. Rich men, poor men, bagmen and drummers, cowboys and professors, lawyers and barmen, farmers and lumbermen, platelayers and politicians—they are back again at Vimy and the curtain lifts on an old, forgotten tragedy, a great epic of human nature. Britain's King, the statesmen and generals of France and Belgium, the Empire and the former Allies, stand by to do honour to these brave men, alive and dead.

AUSTRO-GERMAN PACT.—If Hitler so much as stoops to relace his boot, his action is suspect in some high quarter. Perhaps he deserves his fate. He has done some shocking and reprehensible things. For long we have regarded as his most determined step to obstruct the peace of Europe his efforts to "annex" Austria. For long we have held that the uncertainty as to the maintenance of Austria's independence was a prime factor in the unrest of Europe. The Austro-German Pact—a feather in the diplomatic head-dress of Hitler, Schuschnigg, and Papen of the chequered career—settles that question on paper; and what more can a pact do on the day of signature? Schuschnigg's duty under the pact demanded of him a clear declaration to the world that Austria recognised herself to be a Germanic state. "We Austrians," said he, "are Germans." Hitler in response acknowledges Austria as a free and independent partner in the Germanic system. On paper then the Austrian ulcer is healed. But immediately a quarter of Europe sees in it all another Hitler Macchiavellism. The pact but smoothes the way to a powerful and aggressive bloc in Europe—short-circuiting the League and its supporting States—a bloc composed of Italy, Germany, Austria, and Hungary. True, Hitler has treated pacts as scraps of paper in living memory which is short enough. But it seems to me we should be thankful for small mercies; for the preservation of peace for even a fortnight is in these days a gain and a blessing. After all, the Polish pact has proved effective for a period which in modern reckoning of European crises, is long. Without it, the fat must long since have been in the Polish fire. Hitler planned and signed that pact also. *Palmam qui meruit* . . . While most European statesmen have talked on the fence, Hitler has done things in diplomacy. Disrupted Spain holds more danger for Europe than disciplined Germany. We shall do well to accept Hitler's paper at the face value he puts on it—politely and with a show of confidence.

CHARITY AMONG BISHOPS.—Taking their line from the party leaders, the leaders of the Church sometimes appear to display too much haste and too little charity in attacking each other. A clergyman in Surrey killed himself. At the inquest the Coroner made certain severe remarks on the ingratitude and heartlessness of the dead man's son. These charges were obviously not investigated with all the fullness which would be necessary to the investigation of a relevant charge in a court of law. The Bishop of Chichester felt it necessary to write privately to the son, accepting the charges as proved conclusively, to forbid the man the benefit of communion temporarily within his diocese. The letter was private, the occasion no doubt privileged, and no doubt also a matter of common form in proved cases. It may be the Bishop was hasty in his decision to "excommunicate." It is a matter of opinion, and the truth may have justified it or may not. Of course a section of the press took up the man and his case as a stunt and the first to leap into the fray was Dr. Barnes, Bishop of Birmingham, who soundly trounced his brother of Chichester. Whether the latter was right or wrong, hasty or not, none can defend the hastiness and lack of charity displayed by Dr. Barnes. His action could not conceivably help the Church, it could not fail, gratuitously to harm it.

ST. CROSS—800 YEARS.—The Hospital of St. Cross, about a mile from Winchester on the Southampton Road, has been celebrating its eighth centenary—a long run. Many motorists pause at its gates to drink in a draught of its ancient peace before resuming the fitful fever of life and the

road. There was a monastery on the water-meadowed site before 1136 when Henry de Blois founded his almshouse for eighteen old men in reduced circumstances. Three centuries later, Cardinal Beaufort added his "almshouse of noble poverty," and most of the still extant beauties—tower, gateway, and cloisters—are his work. It is the very moral of a peaceful haven and scores of writers and artists have commemorated St. Cross. When first I visited St. Cross on a bicycle, I got a free dole of beer and bread. When last I went there by car, the dole was not forthcoming. I wonder how many gallons of free beer have gone down the throats of thirsty wayfarers since 1136. Enough perhaps to float our enfeebled fleet to-day. Kings and philosophers have taken the dole and none who has ever visited St. Cross has gone empty away. If his belly (latterly) were empty, his heart was full. If you would know more of the domestic economy of St. Cross in the Victorian age, I would refer you to Trollope's Barchester novels. If you haven't seen St. Cross, go to-morrow.

GROUSE PROSPECTS.—

Not a bumper year, I fear, but a good general average year with reservations. That bumper year, due in 1929, due again this year (on the seven year principle) has not materialised. Nothing in the way of a general bonanza year (as in 1915 and 1922) has come, although Aberdeenshire, Perthshire, and Angus have had great seasons in the last decade. In its small way, Sutherland has had three good seasons, but this year it will not. Disease has travelled down from the far north and ravaged all Sutherland. In Ross-shire—another "minor" county for grouse—the heather beetle—cure unknown—has done all too much damage to the grouse's means of subsistence and good bags are not to be expected. Moray and Nairn have not had their big year for many years.

By THE OLD STAGER

This year however conditions were favourable in winter and spring and until a fortnight ago prospects seemed fair. The broods averaged but four or five, instead of six or seven, although the birds were healthy and the heather coming on. But in the last fortnight a dismal change has taken place. Young and old birds are dying, the heather and rain came on too late; the heather beetle is in evidence, and many first shoots will have to be cancelled. I have heard nothing authoritative from Perthshire or Aberdeenshire, but these counties expect an average year. Moors have been letting better than of late and a good moor is now hard to obtain. There are few late bargains to be snapped up. But I fear that in some districts lessees will have sad disappointments. Forests are letting a little better than usual. Indeed they are slowly regaining a small measure of their former appeal. As for the rivers, they are in the doldrums indeed. The Helmsdale did adequately in the early summer. Spey and Findhorn were mere trickles, fit only for worming. They must now wait on September. The Border rivers were just as disappointing. In all this I have set down only what I have directly heard from landowners and eye-witnesses in the North.

WHERE THE PLAY'S THE THING.—

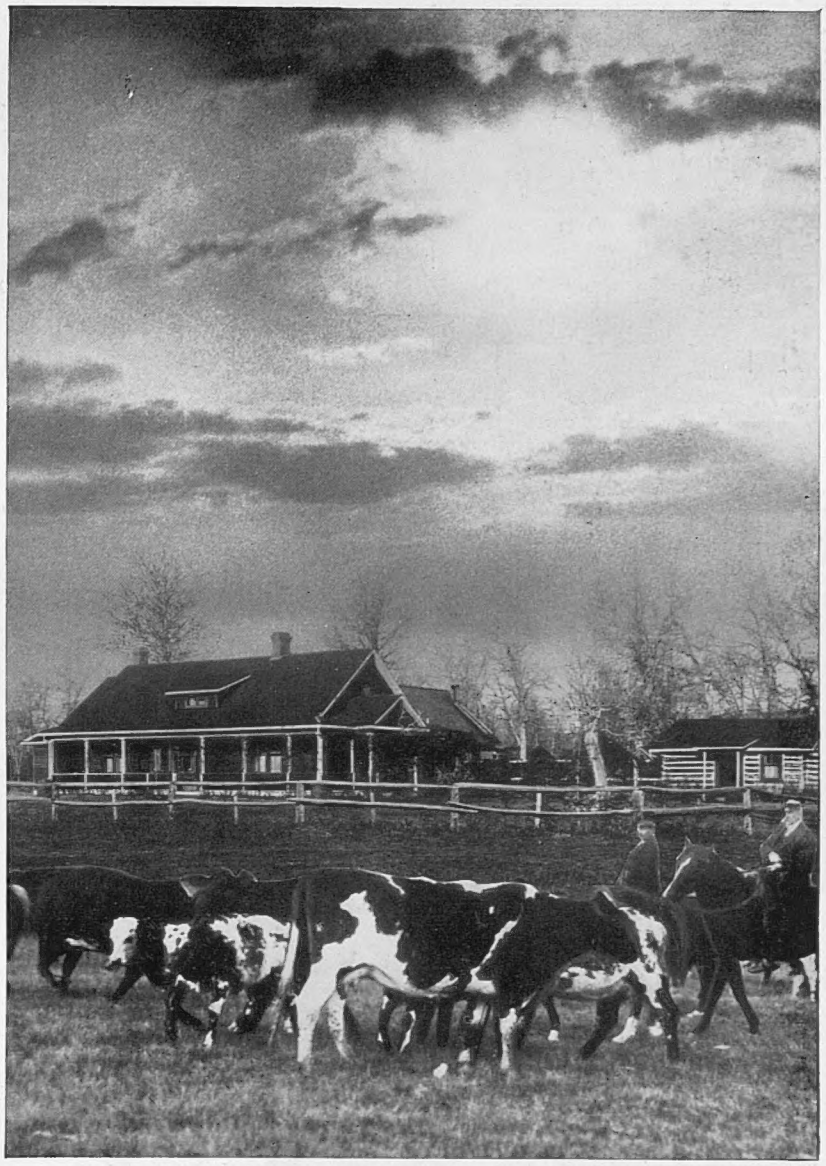
I sometimes think that dramatic art and music get their clearest field not in the capitals of civilisation but in the country places. In Britain, for instance, Glyndebourne, Stratford, Malvern, all of them reasonably "topical" to-day. The Malvern Gala opens on July 25 and begins with a promising young dramatist's birthday celebration—to wit *Saint Joan*, to open the festival on the eve of Mr. Shaw's eightieth birthday. Mr Shaw, with Sir Barry Jackson who is his Malvern host, *is* the Malvern Festival. He is always represented there by three or more of his own plays. *Pygmalion*, *On the Rocks*, and *Saint Joan* are this year's selection. The repertory is splendid and varied, including *The Brontës of Haworth Parsonage*, and *Jane Eyre*, *The Clandestine Marriage*, and the ever beautiful *Lady Precious Stream*. The Brontës are to have a special prominence. A play about them, a play on *Jane Eyre*, and lectures on their genius by Professor Ifor Evans, who will doubtless settle the question of who was the author of *Wuthering Heights*. There will be talking all the time. Everybody present will be a dramatic critic of a kind, and a theatre lover, and (broadly) high-brow. Drama will be talked daily for a month during fourteen hours of daylight, in and out, past, present, and to come. The actors are carefully chosen for an occasion so notable. Mr. Shaw chose Wendy Hiller of *Love on the Dole* for the Maid, and Ernest Thesiger, who created a notable part in *Saint Joan*, will be there too. Few actors interest me more, but he is little advertised. He is a great artist. Of the Chelmsford Thesigers, he made a career for himself on the stage in days when young men of his kind usually drifted into "accepted" professions which parents and convention laid down. He is also an artist with the needle. *Jane Eyre* is Helen Jerome's successor to *Pride and Prejudice* (the impossible accomplished) and may come to London in the autumn. Curigwen Lewis is to play the title role at Malvern.

THE KING'S HOUSEHOLD.

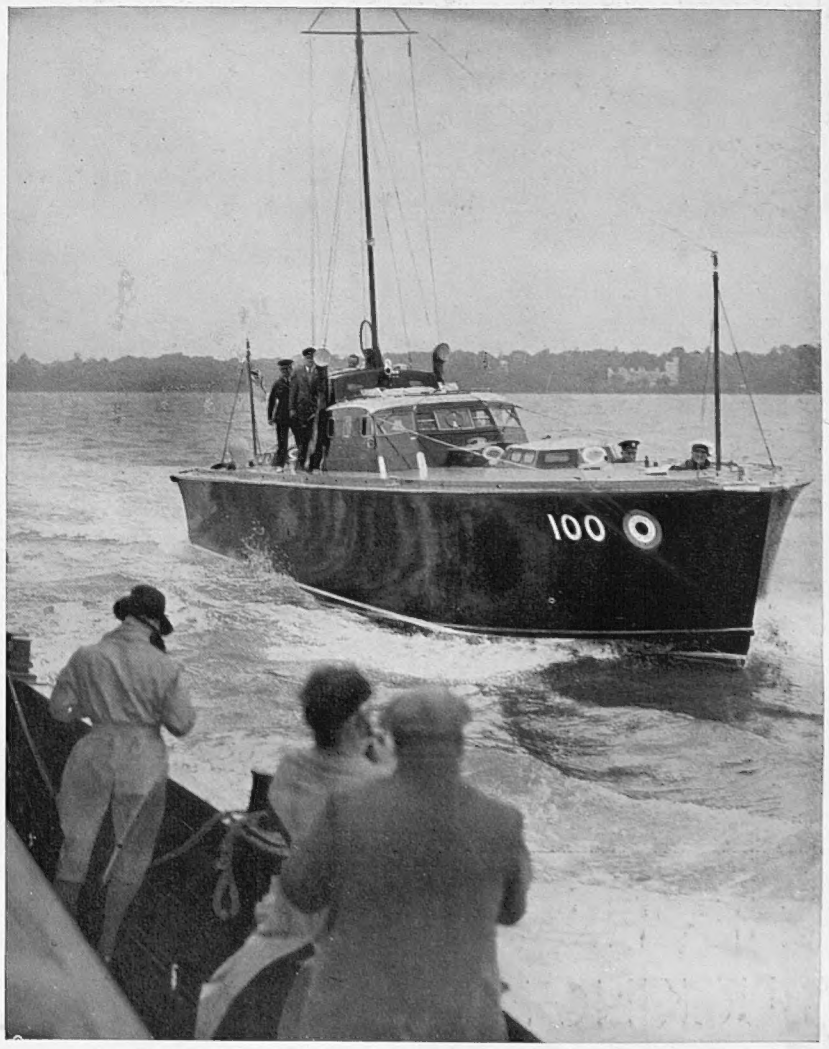
—Lord Wigram has retired from the post of Private Secretary to the King. He served his father in various duties for a quarter of a century, and only remained with King Edward while readjustments necessitated by the new reign were being planned. It had been Lord Wigram's intention to retire about this time. He will remain attached to the Court as Keeper of the King's Archives and Deputy Constable of Windsor Castle. Lord Wigram has proved himself in the direct line of great private secretaries to the Sovereign—in the line of General Grey, of Sir Henry Ponsonby, of Lord Knollys, and Lord Stamfordham. Their influence has always been great, their work always selfless, always helpful to the Government in power, always entirely devoted to their Sovereign and country, always unadvertised. Lord Wigram's successor has been trained by himself. Major Hardinge has already fifteen years' experience in the office he will now control and knows the business very thoroughly. The King's Secretariat henceforth will be more "compartmented" than of late. Major Hardinge will be assisted by two others of great experience. Sir Godfrey Thomas was for many years, and continuously, the present King's Private Secretary when Prince of Wales, and has travelled with him widely. Mr. Alan Lascelles was for nearly ten years an assistant Private Secretary to the Prince of Wales, and was Private Secretary to Lord Bessborough during the whole of his term in Canada. Mr. Frank Mitchell was Press secretary in the last reign.

I VISIT A CINEMA.—

Loretta Young has almost persuaded me to appreciate an American "luxury-life" film. That delicious creature won me in *Secret Interlude*. The film has all the features I most detest and laugh at. The "luxury home" of the American millionaire with its scores of "singing chambermaids." its "detestable Crichton" of a butler, its impossible squandermania, its grease-paint sentimentality and its noisy publicity. Its story is the usual crudity—only the pretty chambermaid is not "sedooced" but virtuously married by young Hiram P. Scattercash. But somehow the story gripped me, partly because the mother was human (and not unlike Marie Tempest), mostly because Loretta Young looked so lovely and had a voice as pleasant as a sound film voice can ever be. True, I loathe so much the American judicature that I left in the middle of the "stupendous trial scene." But I was so much interested in the film that I asked the fireman in the corridor how the story ended.



OIL ON THE KING'S RANCH: A view of King Edward's "E.P. Ranch" in Alberta, where drillers are at work attempting to locate a great reservoir of oil which is believed to be in the vicinity. The search for the great oilfield follows the blowing-in of a 900 barrels a day crude oil well in the Turner valley last month. This is about five miles from the northern boundary of the Royal ranch



HIGH-SPEED LIFE-SAVING: A new 64-ft. rescue boat for the Royal Air Force during its recent trials in Southampton Water. Designed by Mr. Hubert Scott-Paine, the famous motor-boat expert, and fitted with wireless and other necessary details, it has a speed of 35 knots and a range of 800 miles

THE FIRST OPEN-AIR COURT IN BUCKINGHAM PALACE GARDEN

Debutantes in Colourful Gowns File Before His Majesty

On the day that the period of six months full Court mourning for King George ended, the lawn at Buckingham Palace presented a wonderful display of fashion and youth when the debutantes of the Season filed before His Majesty who was seated beneath the gold-fringed Shamiana which was supported on the silver posts brought home by King George from Delhi. The reception began at 3.30. Shortly before that hour the King, wearing a dark grey morning suit and a grey top hat with a white gardenia in his buttonhole, came out of the Palace to find his guests already assembled on the lawn. Members of the Royal Family then took their appointed places behind the King's chair and so the stately function commenced. Unfortunately all His Majesty's guests could not be personally presented to him owing to a sudden heavy downpour of rain, but those who were unable to make their curtsey left their presentation cards at the Grand Entrance as they left, and later on an official statement was issued to the effect that those who, owing to the interruption of the ceremony by the weather, were unable to pass the King's presence, would be considered as having been officially presented at Court

GO-AHEAD STOCKHOLM: A typical block of flats in the Traneberg suburb (about twenty minutes from the centre of the city) where working-class homes have been erected under a municipal housing scheme and the construction of which has given a fillip to the building trade. The balconies consist of iron railings backed by attractive orange coloured wind-proof cloth that contrasts most effectively with the white walls

Sweden at Peak Again

Her National Recovery Results from a Scientifically Considered and Democratically Agreed-Upon General Plan of Campaign SAYS

FERDINAND TUOHY

STOCKHOLM.

FOREIGN Governments are now sending commissions in this direction with a view to finding out how it was done—how any country can have managed to climb back on to a pre-Wall Street prosperity. The next arrivals are to be three experts sent by President Roosevelt. Long since, Monsieur Van Zeeland borrowed. MM. Blum and Auriol are penultimately trying to follow suit. Sweden might put up a notice: *How to Recover—Step Inside.*

Still, you've got to be Sweden: geographically lucky, well-found, imaginative, practical, and small.

Approaches to countries being important, investigators should certainly enter by the Gota Canal, thereby acquiring a sense of national calm, and of natural first-rateness. Reason why, if there be several names here awaiting introduction—Wallender, Wigforss, Pehrson, Lindhal, Myrdal—place of honour is given to the good old Bishop of Linköping who first thought of the Canal. That was back in 1525, and he did not live to see the realisation of his dream because this took a matter of 300 years. To-day, sixty-five locks are required to mount 300 ft. and redescend on the 350 miles long canal-lake-river chain fashioned between Gothenburg and Stockholm. Mr. Herbert should probably arrange for one spot, Berg, to be his paradise, because it has fifteen locks and all the water-gipsy stuff.

Over all, the glide occupies fifty-six hours and costs £4 tourist, which however carries with it right of way to the plutocrats' table, beside which advantage having to sleep six or eight in a section makes no odds, everything being so clean and breathable.

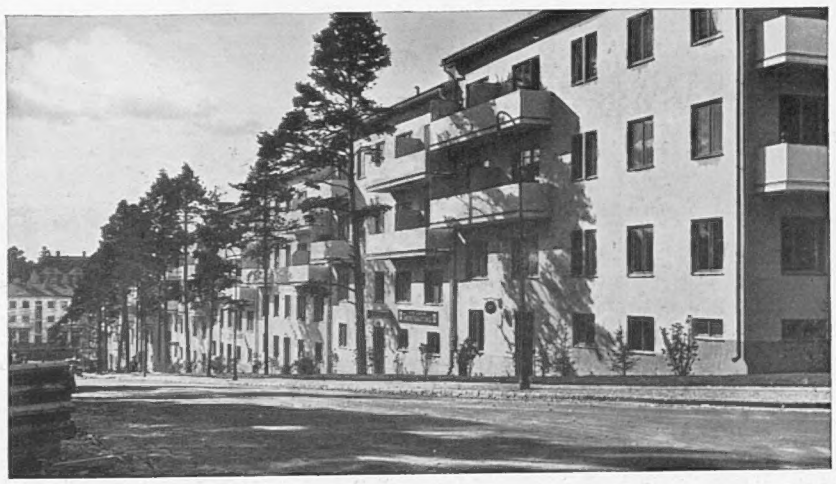
Touching that table, whose smörgasbord delights are rapidly conquering the white world in the Snack Age, should you be of those who habitually and lightheartedly seek adjustment with every national cuisine and liquid tradition they alight upon, Sweden can play tricks. For instance, one can suddenly lean towards artichokes there. On arrival at the Opera Café, in Stockholm, an American travel acquaintance said "watch me" and ordered two dry Martinis and one hot artichoke with hollandaise sauce You may trust American citizens to show skill where refreshment is concerned; they having graduated in so painful a school; and the reason for the artichoke is that in Sweden not only are strong waters—spirits—confined to certain public hours but you must eat something *hot* with them at all times, even the most legal.

"They told me back in New York that an artichoke was the best bet because one goes for two cocktails. It also goes with them."

Likewise for and with two grogs, gluggs, schnapps, svensk-punsch or what have you. 'Ware the glugg, though. We investigated at a little café on Stockholm's Place du Tertre, up at Tällgatan, and gazing later o'er the city's lights and waterways it became evident that glugg had authority. Regarding the grog, that's just Scotch and of so mild a totting that it legally requires no artichoke, a circumstance my companion rapidly discovered, with the result that before the second day was out he was blithely ordering three grogs at a time for himself alone, and contemplating my artichoke and wine of the country (schnapps) with some disdain. He even advised what too many artichokes could do to a person.

Notwithstanding, Schnapps—reminiscent of vodka, kümmel and gin combined—endured in favour, particularly after the swim or when beating up for one's special smörgasbords or for that great joy at the Gildene Fredene—who knows what it is called—but the iced sea-salad served within two bowls, one glass, one pewter, featuring lobster, mussels, caviare, lettuce, tomatoes, spices, and dressing. I can conjure but one more delectable thing in Sweden—on a slightly different plane, it is true—the tanned, flaxen, grey-eyed damosel of athletic slimness who has become via Hollywood World Model Number One, with the widely distressing consequences that we ken.

In the undraped style she is best observed on the beach at Saltsjobaden. Those who opt for her draped should look in at a night-place-in-the-wood called Bellmansro. Those who prefer her relaxing have the arty headquarters, Monstnärshuset . . . but this article increasingly invades the preserve of a colleague who moreover could have told you exactly how many million kronaworth of that sea-salad the Fredene sells in a season.



ON THE TRANEBERG HEIGHTS: A row of new flats in suburban Stockholm with the original trees still standing on the grass borders. Wide balconies provide ideal places for mothers to put their young children while busying themselves with the housework

The basically satisfactory thing about Swedish recovery is that it emanated from no haphazard policy, nor yet from any form of dictatorially directed economy resting on a shrunken-into-oneself autarchy, but as the result of a scientifically considered and democratically agreed-upon general plan based on a liberalism in economic outlook which, time and again, we have been told has passed from the scene.

In 1932 Sweden was in the depth of depression. The country had gone off gold a year before but no advantage had been taken from the fact. The Kreuger crash just about finished things. Had Sweden's golden material age of post-war crashed finally, too? The new Social-Democrat Government thought otherwise, and in the tonic way of the Northlands, promptly set about bringing a real Brain trust into being, composed of professional economists, politicians, and practical business men, and no one sat looking down his nose at the next. Professors Lindhal and Myrdal did the deep thinking that others have tried to do on an infinitely vaster horizon round Roosevelt, and they showed conclusively to their differently qualified colleagues that the pivotal factor, the trade cycle, could be successfully ridden by deliberate governmental action and in no other way.

This is not the place in which to enlarge upon the measures progressively set in motion thereafter; suffice that what is termed an expansionist policy was adopted. The Swedes have not regretted unbalancing their Budget over a limited and specific period in order to expand public spending; nor have they had cause to mourn a large-scale public works policy financed by borrowing. It is all coming back, being paid back at top speed.

Four years after the Kreuger nadir, behold the country on the crest of the wave. Listen to King Gustav:—

"The constant increase in receipts will enable us to liquidate the loan contracted to aid the unemployed. I shall also propose a 20 per cent. decrease in income tax and on property. I shall present a further law for the improvement of the living conditions of the masses; another for perfectioning our insurance system and for helping old age. The school age will be raised. Youth will have more 'homes' and institutions. Infantile mortality will be more efficaciously fought."

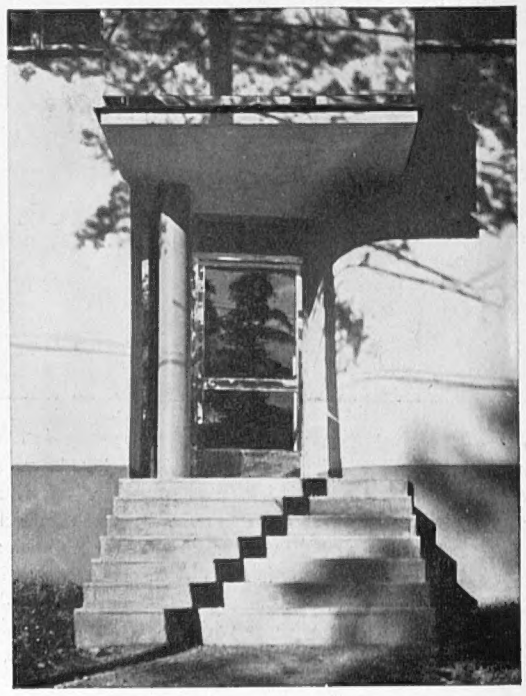
This, in a land already leagues ahead of all save closest neighbours.

His Majesty also announced a reorganisation of the national defence, and surely none too soon, considering rumblings across at Danzig and no less fevered breasting of the frontier below in Schleswig. Free Sweden possesses so *very* much that is worth protecting that one wonders if she should not go grandest slam on what someone has called "the poor nation's defence," a superlative air arm equipped for the aggressive—defensive.

Meanwhile things are booming on the internal market, whose prices have all through been studied in the closest possible manner, and in foreign trade. The latter is up 11 per cent. on 1934–5. Navigation is 15 per cent. up; unemployment reduced from 180,000 to a normal figure having no relation to slump or crisis; industrial production, 28 per cent. up on a couple of years back; railways, 15 per cent. and steel and ciment — sinister items, alas—soaring. In nearly every field the situation is back at 1929 zenith, and in many spheres, beyond it! But we're all dead sick of figures. I note, rather, prosperity is so clamant in Sweden that the latest Budget even allows for subsidising Swedish students in foreign countries.

Is it not fabulous? But also deserved. It is no use saying the Swedes have been lucky, have got in on the ground floor again. Why didn't others? I was up in these parts at the height of Kreuger gloom—I recollect writing a piece called "The North Sea Bubble." And what did that story tell but the collapse of almost a national idol, the hopeless pricking, as it seemed, of a whole philosophy? The fact is that these people have brains

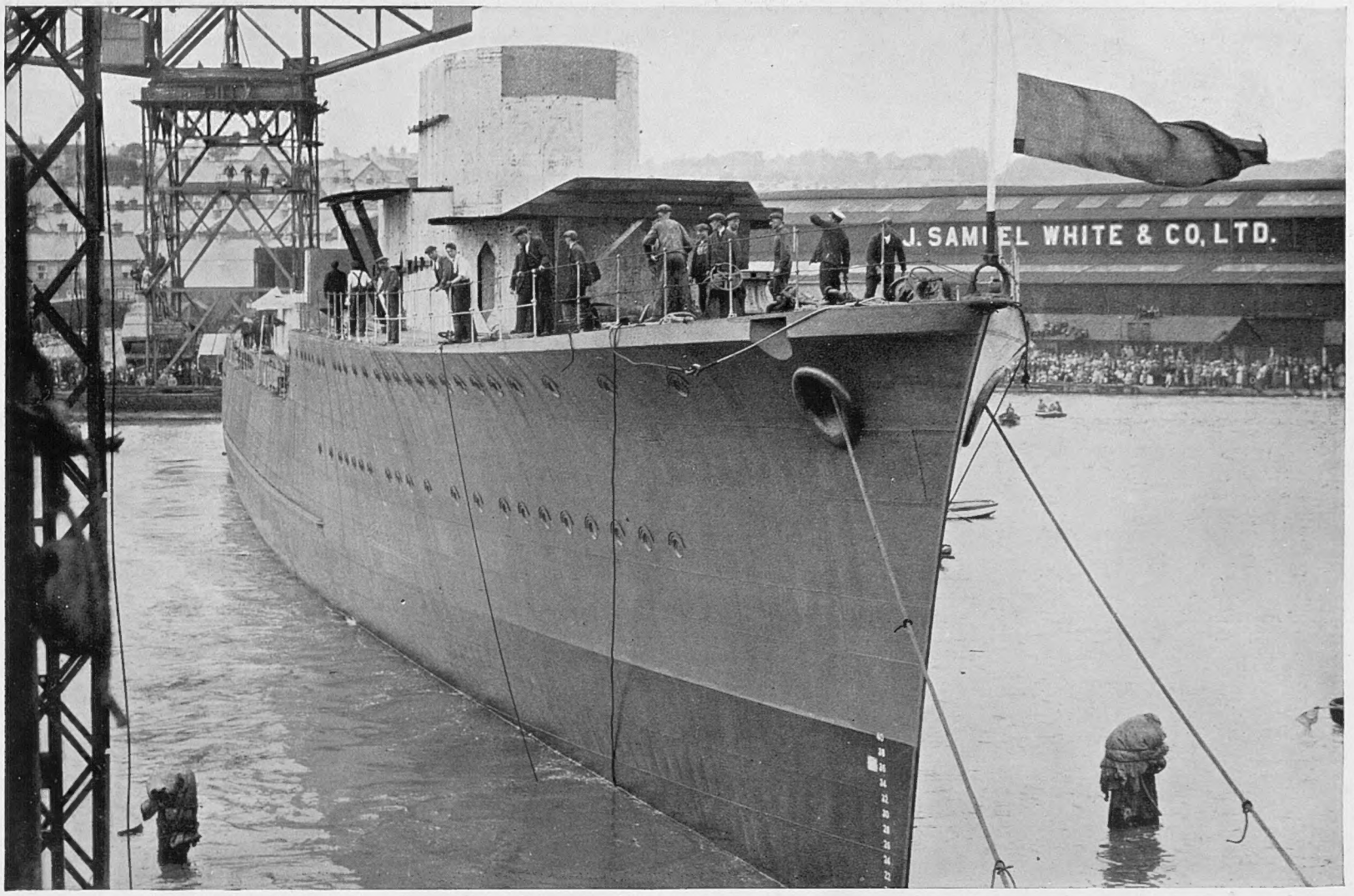
(Continued on page 162)



On right — THE MODERN MANNER: A chromium and glass doorway at the entrance to a flat. The column is painted grey and the balcony above is in pale blue

POLAND'S MARITIME MIGHT

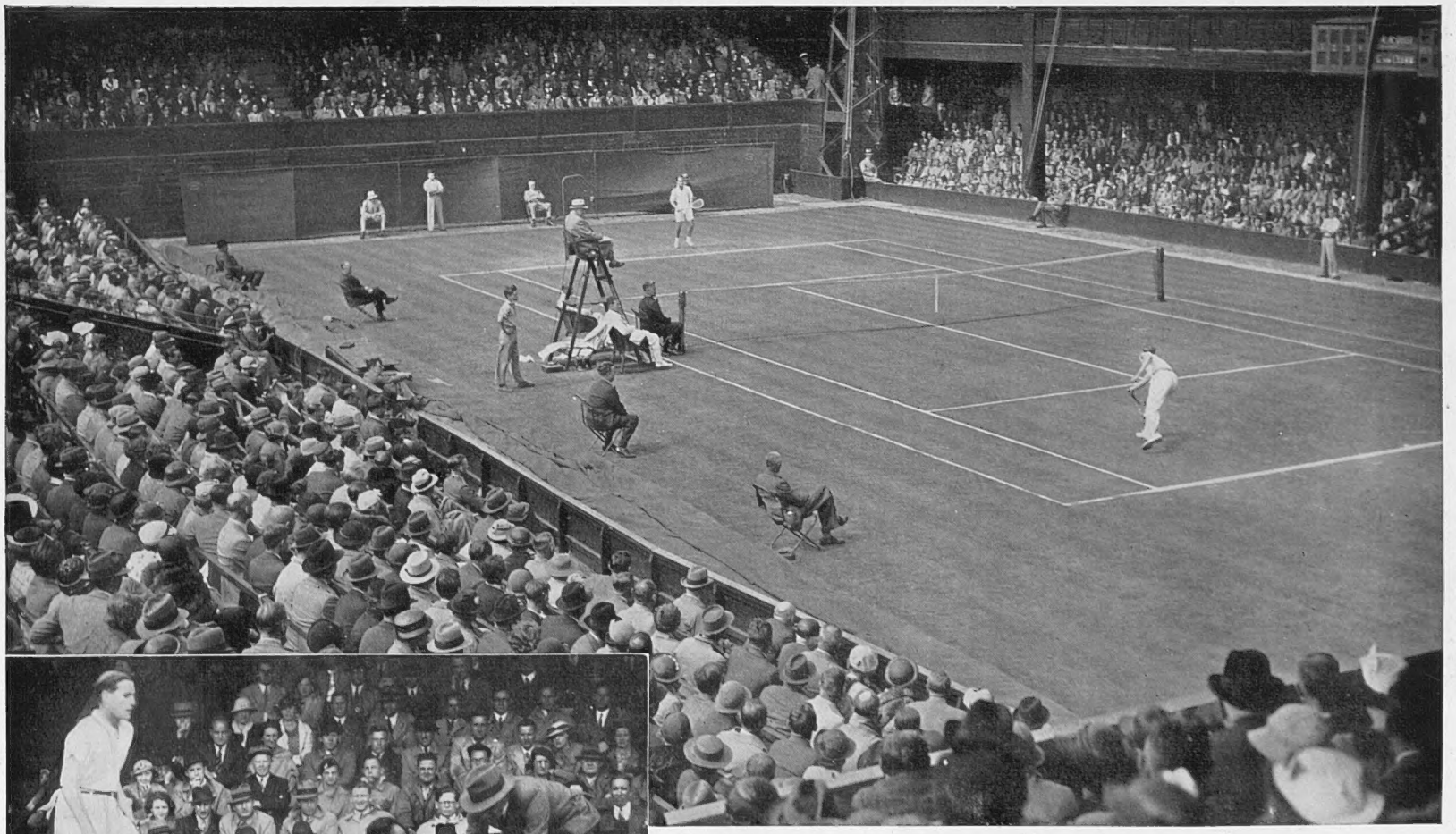
A British-built Destroyer Launched at Cowes

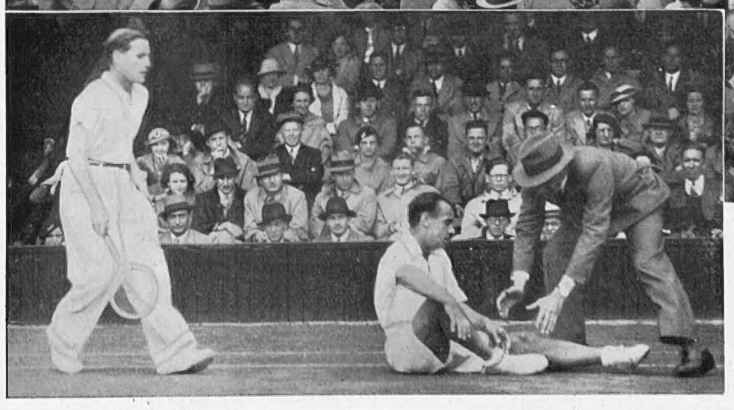


THE MOST FORMIDABLE OF HER KIND: The largest, fastest, and most heavily armed destroyer built in this country, the O.R.P. *Grom*, one of the two ships of her class being constructed to the order of the Polish Government by Messrs. J. Samuel White and Co. Ltd., was launched this week at East Cowes. The ceremony was performed by Madame Wanda Poznanski, wife of the Polish Consul-General in London. The sister ship, the O.R.P. *Błyskawica*, is now in course of construction and on their delivery Poland will be the possessor of two of the most modern flotilla leaders in the world

HISTORIC LAWN TENNIS ENCOUNTER

Australian and German Stars in mighty Conflict





AUSTRALIA VERSUS GERMANY AT WIMBLEDON: The Davis Cup contest between Adrian Quist (Australia) and Baron von Cramm (Germany) provided a thrilling spectacle for everyone who was fortunate enough to be present in No. 1 Court last Saturday. All the experts agree that such a match has seldom been equalled in lawn tennis annals. It was fought out in a gale of wind and Quist was temporarily out of action owing to a fall. Match points were rescued by both men in astonishing fashion, and after an heroic duel of perfect aceing, returning, volleying and smashing the victory went to Germany after a fifth set of twenty games

CANINE CONGRATULATIONS: A family pet greeting Miss Ursula Horlick, daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Horlick of Eaton Place, and Mr. Stafford Howard-Stepney, only son of Lady Howard-Stepney, after their marriage at Brompton Oratory last week

PAUSE FOR PHOTOGRAPHY: The wedding of Mr. John E. Buckingham Pope of the Coldstream Guards and Miss Elizabeth Burges at the Guards Chapel, Wellington Barracks. The bridegroom's umbrella was an unusual note at the ceremony

WEDDING SMILES: Miss Liza Maugham daughter of Mr. Somerset Maugham, was a radiant figure on the occasion of her marriage to M. Vincent Paravicini, the son of M. Charles R. Paravicini, the Swiss Minister in Great Britain

MARRIAGE AT ST. MARGARET'S: Miss Patricia Macpherson, daughter of Lord and Lady Strathcarron and Mr. Denys Colquohoun Lowson, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Flowerdew Lowson leaving the church after their wedding last week. A long, sweeping veil descended from the bride's head-dress

SEEKING RELIEF FROM THE SWELTERING HEAT: With the thermometer at 102 deg. Fah. thousands of New Yorkers are seeking the parks in quest of a cooling breeze. Battery Park especially has been transformed into a huge all-night dormitory

THE GREAT HEAT IN THE U.S.A.

A Personal Narrative

THREE-FOURTHS of the United States have been gripped by the worst drought in history, and the end is not yet. The worst feature of this drought has not been the absence of water but the terrific heat. Even where it has rained the rain has been of no avail. On July 9 the thermometer reached the highest official level in the history of the City, 102·3 Fah. In the canyons of Lower Broadway and the financial district, thermometers were singing around 115. In New York City 84 is an almost unbearable temperature.

A total of 269 people are dead throughout the United States, either as a direct result of the heat or because they were drowned while seeking relief. The heat did not reach New York until July 8, but by noon of July 10 fifteen people had died in the City and its environs.

At present, the afflicted area extends from the Rocky Mountains to the Atlantic Coast and reaches northward into Canada. It includes the nation's granary, conspicuously such States as Idaho, the eastern part of Montana, North and South Dakota, Wisconsin, Minnesota, and Iowa. More than 200,000 families, or about 900,000 people, have lost everything that they possess. Everywhere throughout the country they are "on the march," moving from wherever it was they happened to be when the drought descended to some undetermined spot beyond the horizon. One family that was interviewed recently had an income of as much us 7,000 dollars a year. To-day, all of its possessions are loaded into one farm waggon. Another family, with even less that it had been able to salvage, included a young girl with crutches and one leg.

After the drought had lasted thirty days, the heat reached out over night, from the one-half of the country it had already stricken, to include a full three-quarters. The farm lands of eastern Montana and North and South Dakota have been burned to a crisp. A torrential rain finally fell in the north-western part of North Dakota, but it came too late to be of any help. Following this rain, the heat swept southeastward, becoming so intense that it killed cattle standing in barnyards.

In at least ten States, the damage is already irreparable. In Iowa, all small grains have been eaten by grasshoppers. Hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of crops have been destroyed in Tennessee, Arkansas, Mississippi, and Louisiana; but rains have revived a portion of the crops in these States, and what has survived is doing well. The pasture lands of Ohio and Wisconsin are burned. Chinch bugs have destroyed the Illinois corn crop.

The arrival of the extreme heat on the Atlantic coast, and notably in New York, came as a distinct surprise. New York City has been suffering from a cold summer, so much so that neighbouring resorts have done a poor business. But on July 8 the thermometer reached 93. The highest temperature previously established for the same day in New York was 99 in 1876. The normal average for the day throughout recorded weather history is 73. Then, on July 9, came the all-time record-breaking figure of 102·3, with the belief expressed by the U.S. Weather Bureau that the thermometer would go even higher before the heat wave was broken. Some of the fields are so badly burned that they are black. Others are a dark brown. The grazing lands in some cases are covered with what looks like a tan moss. It is too close to the ground for the cattle to reach it, and it is too dry to be of any use for the sheep.

The grasshoppers are to be numbered by the million. At present they cover the streets of the towns and the highways in the country. They cover every fence-post and every telephone pole. But even they are now dying because of the heat. A novel spectacle was provided by a frightened jack-rabbit racing across a barren field pursued by a swarm of these pests. The authorities state that little relief is to be expected as long as high temperatures persist far above the earth. For example, at the same time that a temperature of 113.6 was recorded at Bismarck, N.D., a temperature of 106 was recorded at an altitude of 6,000 ft.

Throughout the Dakotas and eastern Montana there is just one green thing that meets the eye, and that is the Russian thistle. To be of any use it must be cut while green, and it is still too short to cut, so that the drought will have to end before it dries if it is to be of any help in saving cattle.

Nelson Springer

BASTILLE DAY IN PARIS

The Great French National Fête Passes Off with only Minor Disturbances—M. Lebrun at Annecy

AN IMPENDING CLASH: Supporters of the "Left," two of whom have clenched fists raised in the Communist salute, about to be attacked by Fascists as they drove up the Champs Elysées in a taxi. An incident on Bastille Day, France's National Fête, which on the whole passed off without serious trouble, enormous forces of police patrolling the streets in an effort to prevent a repetition of the recent party disturbances

THE PRESIDENT IN THE PROVINCES: M. Lebrun (centre of group) visiting the "Pouponnière de la Goutte de Lait," the quaintly named "Drop of Milk Children's Home" at Annecy, Haute-Savoie

FOCAL POINT OF THE FETE NATIONALE: The vast assembly of Government supporters that gathered on Tuesday of last week in the Place de la Bastille, scene of the destruction of the notorious prison in July, 1789. The decorated Colonne de Juillet in the centre of the square records the names of those who fell in another revolution, that of 1830; the *affaire* that resulted in the deposition of Charles X and the substitution of the conservative bourgeois monarchy of Louis Philippe

LEADERS OF THE "LEFT": M. Léon Blum the Prime Minister, and M. Edouard Daladier, the Defence Minister, are seen in the centre of this group watching the traditional Bastille Day military review held in the Avenue Alexandre III. Later the Premier delivered a notable speech before a large audience in the Place de la Nation, in the course of which he gave a recapitulation of the work done by the Government during its short period of office. His address was punctuated by loud cheers from his enthusiastic followers, which swelled into a roar of enthusiasm when he declared that the para-military leagues were now effectively dissolved and that the nationalisation of the armaments industries and the reform of the Bank of France were about to be brought up for discussion in the Chamber

MILTON'S HOME IN DANGER: Admirers of the great poet are concerned at the news that there is a proposal on foot to erect buildings in the fields round his cottage at Chalfont St. Giles, the only existing house connected with his name and, as such, a place of pilgrimage. If this project is carried through it will mean that Chalfont will lose much of its rural atmosphere, and strenuous efforts are being made to save the situation

Doctoring as a Career

Opportunities in the Medical Profession

By CHARLES GRAVES

IT so happens that three different people in the past fortnight have asked me what kind of money their boys would be likely to earn if they took up Medicine. I had no idea, but said that I would find out. This is the result of my enquiries. It appears that there are more doctors than practices, with the result that whereas the purchase price of a practice quite recently was equivalent to the receipts of eighteen months, the purchase price has now risen to the equivalent of two and a half years' earnings or more. That is a partial answer to one side of the problem. Another is that about 100 successful surgeons earn between £4,000 and £8,000 a year; 200 earn between £2,000 and £4,000; 30 or 40 are up in the £8,000 to £12,000 class; and a handful make over £20,000 a year. Surgeons, however, live on a higher plane in respect of fees than consultant physicians, leading a more disturbed life. They have more night calls, and at the same time they are more tied to the spot because of hospital operations which they cannot leave.

Consultant physicians can expect to earn something over £2,000 a year if they are successful, within ten years of putting up their plate; though £100 for the first year is quite normal, and all, indeed, that the great Mackenzie himself earned in his first twelve months. Some doctors, however, are so pleased at being consultants that they earn less than general practitioners. Consultants, on the other hand, can take up various side lines such as being medical officer to an insurance company and receiving £600 to £800 a year for two visits a week to the City, where they advise on the acceptances or refusals of insurance policies. These jobs are usually secured by friendly influence, though errors would cause a compulsory and rapid exit. Another side line is to be consultant to a large industrial firm, which might be worth £1,000 a year; or to a trade union, where each client would be charged a reduced fee of 2 guineas instead of 3 guineas.

But let us begin at the beginning. Probably the ideal start for the prospective doctor would be two years and a B.A. at Cambridge University, where a pleasant life would be enjoyed and a certain amount of studies pursued, followed by three or four years at Edinburgh University. This would be a marvellous combination, though slightly expensive. Two years at Cambridge would probably cost £600, though at Edinburgh it is possible to live on as little as 30s. a week; and £3 a week at Cambridge. These figures do not include the tuition fees, which are £240 for six years at Edinburgh and *pro rata* for any shorter period. Actually the residential qualification at Edinburgh is about two years.

Having passed your examinations, and, in fact, having qualified, you will if you are very promising get a job at your own Medical School, at Edinburgh in this case, or at Guy's or Bart's if that is where you qualified. Failing this, you will go to Leicester or Nottingham or some other provincial city. In any event your capacity will be either house physician or house surgeon. Some hospitals pay you nothing for these two periods of six months apiece; some give you £100 a year and your keep. In London it will probably be £50 a year and all found. Technically it is possible to be both house physician and house surgeon at the same hospital; but that is by the way.

Having done this year, the young man has to make up his mind whether he will go round the world free of charge. It will be his last opportunity of doing so. If he decides to do so he will become ship's doctor on a liner for £3 or £4 a week, together with his keep and fees from the patients. Sometimes a man's career can be completely altered by a slice of luck and a rich patient. There are several examples of this well known to the medical world. It is inadvisable for the rising young medico, however, to do more than a couple of trips, because a year on a liner is infectiously pleasant and drink is free.

That is only one of many jobs into which a young doctor can drift permanently through laziness. Another is to be a locum tenens in an asylum. There are several instances of a locum tenens who has stayed put for twenty years. After all, there will be four or five lawn tennis courts. He need not bother much about the patients. He gets £300 a year all in. Sanatoria are also used sometimes as funk holes. £300 a year and your keep is pleasant enough to young men without any financial backing. It frequently happens here that a young doctor with consumptive tendencies will go to one of these places for his own personal sake and then perhaps definitely contract tuberculosis. Fever hospitals used to be another funk hole, but now that they are under the L.C.C. life is more strenuous and disciplined there. The L.C.C. hospitals, it may be said, pay better for resident jobs than do the voluntary hospitals. Numbers of Colonials apply for jobs in these revitalised infirmaries. So, indeed, do Fellows of the Royal College of Surgeons and Members of the Royal College of Physicians, although to qualify it is necessary to pass the highest medical exams. in existence. But £300 a year and all found can be quite tempting to the man who does not want to gamble on his future.

By now the young doctor who has avoided these sirens has to make up his mind whether to be a general practitioner or specialist. He will be about twenty-six or twenty-seven years old. He has the option of buying a practice, or, better still, of buying his way into a partnership—providing he has the money. This might cost him £6,000 at a place like Weybridge, where he would lead a gentlemanly life with shooting and golf—in fact, the existence of a medical country squire. In Brook Street there are practices worth £8,000 a year, so that on a three-year basis the fee would be prohibitive. The young man might alternatively become an assistant with a view to partnership. The period of being an assistant usually lasts at least a year. In return for his services he would receive about £500 a year.

Another possibility for him would be to have studied morbid diseases, become a pathologist with the object of being a deputy-coroner, and ultimately a full-blown one. To do this he would have to eat his dinners while qualifying as a doctor, but the legal side of a coroner's knowledge does not have to be very serious, as anyone can tell from the odd way in which coroners' courts are frequently conducted. At the same time the goal is a not unlucrative one. Coroners receive £1,800 a year, and may work only three days a week.

Supposing the young man has no financial backing, he may decide to specialise rather than put up a plate and wait. He now has to acquire a Fellowship at the Royal College of Surgeons. The examination fee is about £50, and if he was wise he would have taken his Primary Fellowship in his third year at the University. By doing this he has fewer special subjects to absorb quickly. We will now presume that he has become an F.R.C.S. What is the next step? The answer is that he must get an appointment as a registrar before he can become a consultant. Registrarships are limited. There are three or four in each big hospital and one in the smaller hospitals. The job consists of acting as locum for the staff when on their holidays; of understudying the honoraries; and of keeping the resident house surgeons and house physicians in order. The position is renewable yearly, and is one that should be kept for two or three years.

By this time, however, the young man is becoming recognised as an authority on his special subject—let us say ear, nose, and throat. His next step is to try to become an honorary at one of the hospitals. He cannot expect a big job. If he is lucky he will become assistant surgeon or assistant physician to the Out Patients' Department of one of the large general hospitals—his own if possible. But as each hospital turns out hundreds of students each year and there are only ten to twenty honorary jobs available, this is nothing on which he can count. As honorary he will do two and a half to three hours a day twice a week, and as time goes on he will try to secure two or three similar jobs. No pay is attached to them, but this is really where his embryo practice shows signs of beginning. For after seeing a number of people free in the Out Patients' Department, some general practitioner or another who sent his panel patients along from outside will begin to realise that our hero's opinion is worth while. Finally, the G.P. will call him in to see one or two of his well-to-do patients, though it is quite possible that our hero will never see the G.P., or indeed any of the G.Ps. who send him clients year after year. It is true that it is a West End practice for the G.P. to accompany the patient to the specialist, but this is not so elsewhere.

Our hero now takes a room at £250 a year or the part-time share in one entitling him to a certain number of mornings or afternoons per week in the neighbourhood of Wimpole Street. Proudly he puts up his plate which represents £50 of his rent and probably nothing happens for at least six weeks.

If energetic our hero may also try a short cut by specialising in something like the treatment of tonsils with diathermy, or injecting varicose veins. But this kind of thing is usually short-lived.

No, the best thing for him to do is to secure further voluntary jobs taking up his time and giving him more and more experience. It is possible for him to have perhaps 2,000 new out-patients in one year, all serious cases.

After five or six years of this growing period our hero will have had a great deal of experience crammed into a short period, and his opinion will have become definitely worth while. But even at the beginning, he cannot charge less than 3 guineas however much he would like to cut the rates, except under the Hospital Saving Association regulations, whereby the fee is reduced to 1 guinea. Yet it is not the 3 guineas that come to him that are going to pay his rent. It will be the visits he pays to patients. They are based on the rate of 1 guinea a mile from the centre of Harley Street.

After ten years since he put up his plate the consultant can hope to be making something over £2,000 a year. But he must keep on the job.

What other aspects are there? Well, a knighthood for a general practitioner is not necessarily a good thing. On the other hand a consultant who is knighted can expect almost to double his previous income. Long before he is knighted, however, our hero, if he has become a consultant, will have had to buy himself a motor car and also acquire a secretary, but can be assured of a very comfortable income. He must, however, make hay in his hey-day for unlike a general practice a consultant's practice dies with him. The widow's mite is her weakness.

INDIAN KALEIDOSCOPE—OUR ORIENTAL DOMINION

A Special Section of "The Sphere" Illustrating and Describing New Aspects of Familiar Scenes

WONDER OF THE ORIENT: A graceful pierced marble screen in the Taj Mahal, the mighty monument at Agra, built early in the seventeenth century by the Emperor Shah Jahan as a tomb for his favourite queen, Arjmand Banu, better known as Mumtaz-i-Mahal. "There is a moment between dusk and sunset," writes Rosita Forbes, the noted traveller, "when the latticework within the tomb becomes a veil through which one may see into the past. . . . Here imagination can run wild"

"BESIDE THE LAKE, BENEATH THE TREES": One of the beauties of Quilon—the Kollum of Marco Polo—the old town of Travancore State, Madras, which in the early days of Indian trade was one of the chief ports of the west coast of the Deccan. In 1503 it was Portuguese and in 1653 it was taken by the Dutch

SCANNING THE HOLY WRIT: A priest in the service of the Maharaja of Kapurthala reading from one of the sacred temple volumes which is protected by a beautiful cloth of silk, elaborately embroidered with gold thread. A whisk, made from a cow's or yak's tail, is employed to keep flies from settling on the pages

THE PYRAMIDAL PILE OF THE TEMPLE OF BUDDH-GAYA: A Bengal shrine of great antiquity closely connected with events in the life of Buddha and, as such, an important centre of pilgrimage, being visited yearly by some three hundred thousand devout Hindus. Rosita Forbes describes her impressions of the place in the accompanying article

INDIAN

GUARDIANS OF THE ISLAND PALACE: Marble figures of elephants, their trunks uplifted as if in salute. A scene outside the Gul Mahal, Udaipur, where Shah Jahan lived when in revolt against his father

MAJESTIC THOUGH IN RUIN: The Hauz Khas, Delhi, where once an Emperor sported with his favourites in a pool that is now a yard in which cattle browse

INDIA is definitely an adventure. For it is not necessary that all adventure should be connected with danger or fear. Beauty is a greater achievement than record breaking, and the excitement of discovering a new aspect of some familiar loveliness bids fair to rival the emotions connected with the first flight across an ocean or the first exploration of an unknown land.

For instance, however intimate we may be with the history of Buddha, however familiar with Heuen-Tsiang's seventh-century account of his journey to Gaya, there is likely to come a moment when the temple built on the scene of Gautama's "Great renunciation" appears as something entirely original and unexpected.

I arrived there one evening with a thunderstorm gathering. The traveller who shared my gharry had been quoting the Chinese pilgrim's tale of the Bodhisattva sharing his cave with a dragon who became so much attached to him that it prayed, "If you must go, leave me your shadow," with the result that long after the Holy Man had departed his shadow stayed to comfort the lonely beast.

In the middle of the story the pyramidal pile appeared suddenly against a sky rent by lightning. Momentarily, it seemed to be part of the cloud formation. The intricate carving fused with the shadows racing across the earth. The great stupa became the centre and the focussing point of the storm. In such a setting I could well imagine Buddh-Gaya, unique among Indian temples, since it is a copy of a nine-storeyed Vihara, attributed to Amarah the Brahmin, who in the sixth century rebuilt Asoka's more ancient monument as the "Asylum of Mind and Memory," goal of countless pilgrims for close upon 2,400 years.

"ANOTHER ORNAMENT UPON THE BREAST OF INDIA": The secretariat and council chambers of New Delhi, the city built by Lutyens within sight of the crumbling walls of Indraprat

Certainly the Gayawals, Brahmin priests and beggars who promise immortality to the sinner or the saint with a fervour corresponding to the amount of gold he offers, did something to destroy the illusion, but for a space I saw Buddh-Gaya immovable and eternal as the Buddha himself—"seated cross-legged, as if welded with a hundred thunderbolts, while Mara came against him mounted on his elephant named 'Girt with Mountains' that was 250 leagues in height and with a mighty host, hurled against him great mountains that changed as they reached his presence into bouquets of heavenly flowers so that the mighty elephant fell down on his knees to worship, shaking the earth."

Agra I found divided into those who never looked at the Taj Mahal, who were in fact incapable of seeing it except as a bunker just off the golf-course, and those to whom it was a personal possession. The latter continually disagreed among themselves as to the merits of their peculiar perspectives, for each owned as it were a different view and with it a different conception of the monument raised by a king in honour of his dead wife and of his own passion for building. For Shah Jahan must have loved masonry and marble more than women. Surely he forgot Mumtaz Mahal in the glory of the tomb in which he foreshadowed his own, since he'd intended to bridge the river and erect a duplicate mausoleum of black marble on the opposite bank. The Taj is blatant and magnificent as indeed is all marble, blinding white against an Indian sky, suitably surrounded by fountains, tropical vegetation, and blood-red sandstone.

It is also, I dare to suggest, architecturally false for the minarets are too thin, too reminiscent of factory chimneys, and the dome perchance too heavy. But

KALEIDOSCOPE

Rediscovered Beauty Spots and New Impressions of a Land that Never Palls on the Traveller

By ROSITA FORBES

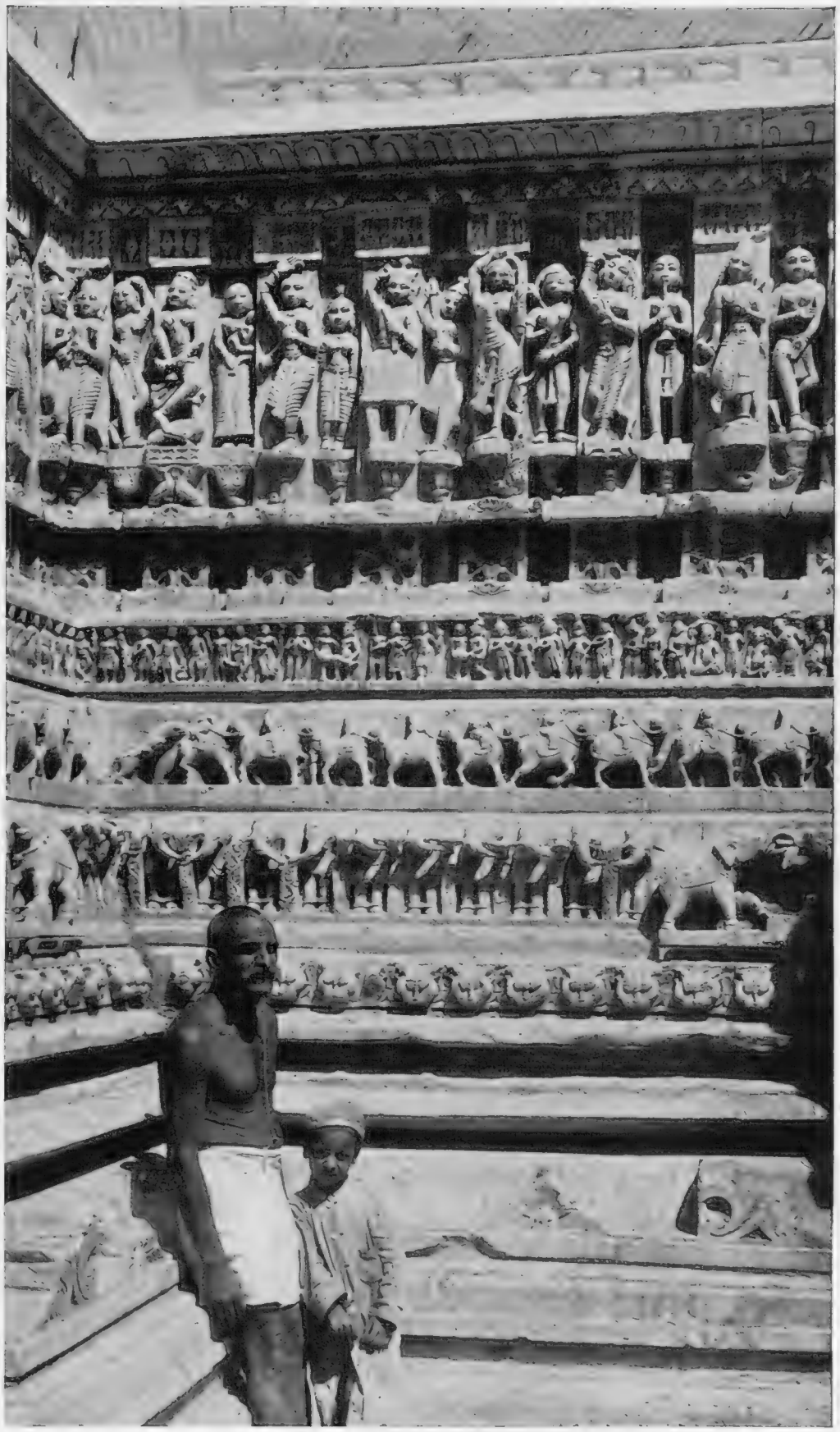
there is a moment, between dusk and sunset, when the lattice work within the tomb becomes a veil through which one can see the past. If, at that moment, a cloaked figure happens to be standing, immobile and featureless, beside the sarcophagus, imagination runs wild. The ghost of Nur Jahan (light of the world), wife of Jahangir and to a great extent architect of his empire, may even walk with that of Aurungzeb, last of the great Moghuls, who by his fanaticism destroyed the work of his ancestors and paved the way for the dissolution of Akbar's heritage.

Udaipur has so often been described as Venice, but it is far more savage. The palace is piled up upon the very roofs of the houses. As a vast and unbroken cliff it rears above the town. Below it even the temple of Jaggan, most elaborately carved with every stage of creation—beasts, men, and gods—dwindles into the insignificance of a pattern. The loom is the earth itself. From the palace towers I saw city and jungle stretched like

THE CLAY TOY MAKERS OF DELHI: Quaint and wholly delightful figures that grow under the deft hands of the potter with his bowl of water and clay. After modelling they are placed on straw mats to dry in the burning sun

tapestry, and I could follow the threads—street and river, the darker stitches that were trees, and the bright confusion of figures—until the design was lost in the immensity of space.

For relief I turned to the lake and the stiff marble elephants so fantastically saluting—with trunks uplifted—the greatest and most generous of the Rajputs who gave shelter on his island palaces to fugitives from the Mutiny. And I thought of the rare Indian lakes as recompense for the plains, where there is nothing to break the monotony of wedded sky and sand except a feathering of bush that never comes any nearer. One sees it always on the horizon. It marches with one as a shadow, but one never reaches it.



ELABORATE AND FANCIFUL CARVINGS OF MEN AND BEASTS adorning Udaipur's Jaggannath Temple, a building of comparatively recent date but withal a fine example of Indo-Aryan style

Delhi is the court of history. Viceroy and Maharajah may take the place of ushers but to live there in spiritual comfort one must be familiar with the Graeco-Bactrians, Kushans, Scythians, Turks, Pathans, and Moghuls who successively made their way along the imperial road south and south-east from Central Asia.

Seven times has Delhi been a capital and of seven different conquerors. The eighth city, built by Lutyens within sight of the crumbling walls of Indraprat, stronghold of Humayun and of the Purana Kila, the old fort, is satisfactorily red. That is the general impression though from the rose-red sands, and from the almost vermilion walls rise tiers of warm sandstone that is neither cream nor gold. And this newest Delhi has a lovely appearance of immunity and isolation until one sees it from the air, when it sinks into the proper perspective of yet another ornament upon the breast of India, yet

(Continued on page 142)

A WARRIOR MAHARAJA'S MAUSOLEUM: The Samadh, at Lahore; a glittering white building covering the ashes of the great Ranjit Singh who in 1799 conquered the Punjab and made this ancient city his capital

INDIAN KALEIDOSCOPE

By Rosita Forbes

(Continued from page 141)

another city upon the land which has buried the capitals of nations, the bones and blood of races whose history has been forgotten with their names.

The enchantment of Delhi lies outside the battlements and the markets. In the early morning I rode across earth fecund with memory. The jungle encroached upon the tombs and palaces of kings. On this same ground the hideous Timur who wept when by accident he saw his reflection in the glass, conquered the armies of Tughlaq. Southward tower the five storeys of the red sandstone Kutb built about 1200 A.D. by the founder of the famous "Slave Dynasty," Kutbed Din. Beyond, lie the ramparts of the first Moghul city and all these belong to history. Their origin is known. So is their fate.

TEEN BURJ, DELHI: "In the fashion of humans," writes Rosita Forbes, "these twin mausoleums keep a measure of discretion as to their past"

But suddenly—and gratefully—I came, at full gallop, to a graceful, gracious ruin known as Hauz Khas about which little seemed to be definitely known. It had been, suggested my companion, the country dwelling of a merchant. An emperor had sported with his concubines in what had once been a swimming-pool and was now a yard wherein thin cows meditated without much hope of grazing. So I could pause under the colonnade which might, or might not, have sheltered from too fierce a sun the favourites of a Moghul despot, while I thought of other discreet and neighbouring buildings, Teen Burj—those splendid twin mausoleums—Safdar Jang (commemorating a king without a story) and fourteenth-century Siri built—for what whim or reason?—by Ala-ud-Din who already had a number of capitals at his disposal, all of which very human ruins have contrived after the manner of humans to keep a measure of discretion as to their past.

IN THE SHALIMAR GARDENS: One of Lahore's show places

North-west to Lahore, and here is one of the oldest cities in the world, for, according to legend, it was founded by Loh, one of the twin sons of Rama (hero of the Hindu epic, the Ramayana) on the banks of the Ravi, which the Greeks called Hydraotes. In turn Lahore has been a capital of Rajputs, Tartars, Moghuls, and Sikhs, and in the days of Queen Elizabeth it was known in England as Akbar's citadel. To-day the fort, admirably restored, can be regarded as a record of Moghul domestic history, for each succeeding ruler built himself, within its walls, the kind of palace which suited his temperament and his ideas of progress or of pomp. But for me the most charming things about this great maze of masonry and marble are the Hathi Paon gate, which the princesses used when they took the air on elephant-back, and a series of fantastic little windows, carved and latticed, too small to take seriously, that jut out of a primrose wall under a frieze of capering beasts. It is so easy to imagine the lady of a Persian miniature glancing, with difficulty, out of such a window at the life from which she would always be remote.

No kaleidoscope of India could be complete without a glimpse of the North-West frontier where two famous roads lead, to Afghanistan by of the Khyber, and to Chitral through the Swat Valley and the pass way of Malakand. Here is our longest foreign frontier. For 800 miles the Afghan borders march with those of India, but between them lies a belt of unadministered territory, averaging fifty miles in breadth and inhabited by 240,000 free tribesmen. From among these Mahsuds, Wazirs, Mohmands, Afridis, come the raiding parties, who every few years or so attack the new roads, that are the signposts of Britain's "Forward Policy" and the fingers of civilisation pointing towards the centre of the tribal belt.

The frontier hills are poor. The fertile plains round Peshawar have always provided loot for the dwellers in the mountains, and the Pathans see no reason why so profitable a trade should cease. So, in spite of a growing sophistication due to roads, motor-lorries, gramophones, attempts at intensive agriculture, and the local broadcasting by means of which isolated villages hear lectures on hygiene, stock-breeding, and the disadvantages of unnecessary murder, the tribes—when they feel like "a week-end war"—come down through the passes that must have been used by Alexander of Macedon, by the great Muslim, Mahmud of Ghazni, by the Gupta, and the Moghul kings

GUARDING THE ROUTE TO FORBIDDEN CHITRAL: The British fort at the Malakand Pass that has played such a vital part in the history of the North-West Frontier

On right—AN OLD BAHAWALPURI WEARING THE "CHACHARAN" CAP, a headgear of embroidered leather shaped closely to the skull and with long ear-flaps providing protection against cold

SINGLE LINE AHEAD: Cruisers engaged in exercises off Alexandria. A striking impression of three vessels of the Mediterranean Fleet which during the East African war was maintained on an emergency footing but is gradually returning to normal conditions of service, a move that is doing much to improve Anglo-Italian relations. Officers and men are now receiving the leave due to them

BRITISH FLEET CHANGES IN THE MEDITERRANEAN

Our Forces at Alexandria Reduced in Strength and No Longer on An Emergency Footing

On left—THE SUBMARINE AND ITS NATURAL ENEMY: H.M.S. *Pandora* viewed from a coastal reconnaissance 'plane. Another picture taken just off Alexandria

THE NEW C.-IN-C. AT PORTSMOUTH: Admiral Sir William Fisher receiving brother officers on board Nelson's *Victory*, where he hoisted his flag on taking over from Sir John Kelly, who had just been promoted to Admiral of the Fleet. Sir William has for four years been in command of the Mediterranean forces; latterly a position of very grave responsibility

EN TOUT CAS: It takes four men only eight hours to convert this machine from an air liner into a bomber. It is known as the "Airspeed Envoy" and three models have already been ordered by the South African Government which is now engaged in strengthening its defences by building up a powerful air force. The principal features of the plane are the retractable undercarriage, "all glass" cockpit, and revolving machine-gun turret

The Air Armament Race

The British Commonwealth Still Leads the Way, Though All the Great Powers Are Committed to Elaborate and Costly Expansion Programmes

ANY figures that may be published reputing to show the aircraft strength of the Great Powers must obviously be treated with reserve, the more so because the authority publishing them is generally influenced by bias.

But when such figures come from an authoritative American source, a source far removed from the hot influence of European affairs, then one is justified in displaying a certain degree of interest in them.

The *Aircraft Yearbook* for 1936, which will shortly be published by the American Bureau of Air Commerce, compares the military Air strengths of other Great Powers not with Great Britain but with the Empire as a whole.

In the fear of bombs dropping on the doorsteps of Great Britain the needs of the Empire are too often completely overlooked. Admittedly, the current programme of expansion for Home Defence purposes will not suffice to provide parity with the greatest Air Power outside our doors, but it is warming to find that, taken as a whole, the Empire still occupies first place.

The net increase in combat strength during the year 1935 was, according to this American authority, 800 planes (including reserves). One other Power improved on this, and that was Germany with an increase of 1,000. But in January 1936, Germany was still seventh on the list of Great Powers.

According to statistics provided in the *Aircraft Yearbook*, France was second with 3,400 planes. This figure showed a decrease of 200 from her strength at the beginning of 1935. Like the United States, with a decrease of 160, France had been the victim of, among other things, political confusion.

Russia was third with 3,300 planes; Italy fourth with 2,800; the United States and Japan fifth and sixth with 1,900 and 1,800 planes respectively.

All the Great Powers are now committed to programmes of expansion. The British Empire, rather surprisingly, has the lead according to these statistics from America, and is likely to keep it, at all events until 1937.

But Germany is increasing the strength of her Air arm rapidly and it is estimated that by 1937 she will have available no fewer than 2,600 machines. She will then rank fifth, having overtaken both Japan and the United States.

The United States may not wish to be so far inferior in Air power to other nations, but she is not, on the other hand, so much affected by the distrust and suspicion which have galvanised the Air Ministries of Europe into feverish activity. Her worry is Japan. The Japanese Air Force is inferior in numbers to that of America. It does not follow, however, that the American Air Force is altogether superior to the Japanese. Japan has for some time been engaged in modernising her equipment and organisation and now actually possesses a Naval Air Force of about 850 machines, approximately equal to the corresponding American force.

In January, 1936, the United States had completed three aircraft carriers, besides the *Langley*, a former fleet collier, which was converted in 1921. Three others had been laid down. Japan had constructed four aircraft carriers and had converted two oil tankers into seaplane carriers. In addition three new seaplane carriers were under construction.

Other nations will apparently retain the same relative positions as in 1936.

Great Britain is, of course, concentrating on her Home Defence squadrons which according to programme are to be expanded to 1,500 machines plus reserves by the end of 1936. The number of reserve machines required depends mainly upon the estimated losses during the first few months of war, and the time taken for the industry to adapt itself to full wartime production. According to the latest British programme a reserve of 100 per cent is to be provided for in this country. The present intensive reorganisation of aircraft factories for increased production will go far to reducing the time lag between ordinary output and the completed reorganisation for wartime production. It is extremely improbable that to-day's intense activity will be allowed to lapse with the completion of the expansion programme.

The sudden rebirth of Germany's Air Force and its speedy growth have jolted France into a programme which demands a considerable lead over Germany by the beginning of 1937. Four thousand fighting 'planes including reserves will then be available it is estimated. That will be 500 fewer than the British Empire's force at the same time but 1,400 more than what it is estimated Germany's strength may be.

Russia, it is anticipated, will have an Air arm as strong numerically as that of France.

Italy is to concentrate upon the replacement of old-type equipment, with the result that by 1937 her net combat strength is expected to increase by no more than 200 machines. This will bring her total estimated strength up to 3,000. A point worthy of note is that during 1935 she increased her strength by 500 machines.

Germany has the advantage that, having commenced rebuilding her Air arm comparatively recently, she now possesses a military Air fleet composed very largely of the latest machines. She has not yet, therefore, to concern herself seriously with the matter of replacements. Consequently all the new 'planes she builds will form additions to her existing fleet. By this means she hopes to amass, by 1937, an Air arm of 2,600 planes. At the beginning of 1935 she had only 600 machines but under General Göring's supreme control eleven aircraft factories are now working at full blast. Junkers, the largest aircraft works in Germany, are stated to be capable of turning out 1,000 completed machines in one month. This is probably an exaggeration, but one thing appears certain and that is the German Government's intention to reach parity with the other Great Powers in the air with the least possible delay.

Nigel Tangye

AN INLAND SEAPLANE PORT: A machine taxi-ing along the water (top) and passengers disembarking at the new artificial landing pool, which is said to be the largest of its kind in the world and has been constructed at Milan for the use of flying boats. About two thousand men were employed on the work of excavation, and the pool is nearly two miles long and three hundred yards wide

HOW WILD ANIMALS DRINK : A New Series of Camera Studies from Kruger Park, South Africa

Camera studies by P. W. Willis

IN THE COOL OF THE EVENING: Some beautifully marked specimens of zebra drinking in a line on the brink of a pool in Kruger National Park, Transvaal. Behind them are wildebeest, creatures with grotesque disproportionate heads

WHEN THERE'S A CROWD AT THE WATERHOLE: The animals wade knee deep into the pool as others press forward behind them. As a rule, however, they prefer to remain at the edge

GETTING DOWN TO IT: The giraffe, with its head 17 or 18 ft. above the ground, is a rather awkward drinker, and in order to reach the water has to splay and bend its forelegs. When eating it has no such difficulties as its principal diet is leaves and branchlets of trees growing at about its own height. In 1935 it was estimated that there were about 250 giraffe in Kruger Park, but elsewhere in Africa they are becoming very scarce, particularly in the Kalahari Desert, where they were once so numerous

IN ORDERLY ARRAY: Wildebeest drinking their fill, but remaining on the brink, ready at a moment's notice to dart away if they scent the approach of enemies. Although ungainly in appearance they have the speed of a fast horse

THE APTLY NAMED WATERBUCK, which never wander far from their favourite pools. A picture taken in Kruger Park, the South African Game Reserve

On left—IN THE TOILS: A parent elephant and her offspring trapped in a pit

How Animals Drink

And Elephants Are Captured

THE most humane method of capturing wild elephants is to dig a pit for them, and cover it cunningly, as did Jack the Giant Killer. The bottom of the pit must be filled 6 ft. deep with branches and twigs, to break the fall of the Giant, and if this is properly done casualties are rare. This is the method of catching elephants invariably adopted in Madras, as opposed to driving them into keddahs as is done in Burma, or running them down on tame elephants as they do in Assam. The mother and her "kutty" shewn in the picture on the left fell into the pit on April 16 this year, and were released—though with some difficulty—on the 18th and allowed to go free; for we had already caught sufficient for our requirements for the season, eleven elephants having fallen into our pits on this one occasion.

PARCHED: The elephant as a rule drinks by filling its trunk with water, but this youngster was far too thirsty to adopt such a conventional method, instead thrusting its mouth right into the river. A unique picture from a correspondent in India

As in the case of rubber, wheat, tin, coffee, and most other commodities, throughout the world, there is a serious danger of over-production of elephants in India, and so it was decided that this cow and her calf need not be kept prisoners. The pit was therefore filled with billets and branches until they could scramble out, and then, before they did so, the great noose was cut by the head "mahout," whose own elephant stood by so that he could seek safety on its back from the fury of the enraged mother, when she emerged from the trap into which she and her baby had fallen.

After 24 hours in the pit the baby was parched with thirst, and ambling off to the nearest stream, down he knelt, thrust his mouth into the water and sucked steadily for a good three minutes without pausing, breathing at the same time through his trunk, which rested on the surface of the water. The elephant in the ordinary way invariably drinks by filling its trunk with water and then pouring it down its throat; but this youngster was far too thirsty for that. The picture of him at the foot of this page is therefore of considerable interest, and it would have taken much more than a photographer to frighten him away before he had had his fill.

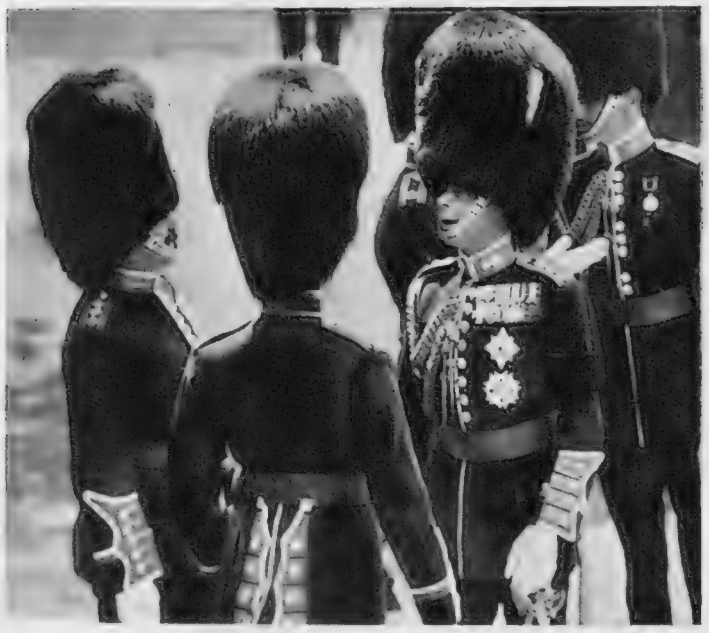
C. Claude Wilson

BEFORE THE EVENTFUL RETURN TO THE PALACE: The King with Lt.-General Sir Alfred Codrington, the Duke of Connaught, and the Duke of York in Hyde Park where he had just presented new Colours to six battalions of the Foot Guards on the Parade ground—a display of military pageantry which took place in dazzling sunshine and was outlined against the bosky foliage of the Park

THE ALARMING EVENT ON CONSTITUTION HILL

A Special Section Dealing with the Pageantry in Hyde Park and the Incident that Followed It

Last week's parade in Hyde Park was in itself an occasion of more than ordinary significance but it attracted world-wide attention when, on the return journey, the King was menaced by a man with a loaded revolver. This was the first time for 36 years that a threat had been made on the life of a member of the British Royal family, for it was in Brussels in 1900 that a boy fired shots from a revolver at King Edward VII, then Prince of Wales. This latest affair was over in a matter of seconds, but the pictures reproduced on the following pages provide a faithful photographic record of what thankfully was only an incident but might have been a national calamity



HIS MAJESTY WITH BROTHER OFFICERS

After the Presentation of Colours in Hyde Park

AT THE SALUTE: His Majesty's speech to the troops assembled in Hyde Park last week, was couched in terms which lifted it out of the ordinary, ending with the following stirring plea for peace doubtless born out of his own knowledge of the dire conditions of the Great War: "Only a few of us on parade this morning have known the awful weight of war. With all my heart I hope, and indeed I pray, that never again will our age and generation be called upon to face such stern and terrible days. Humanity cries out for peace and the assurance of peace, and you will find in peace opportunities of duty and service as noble as any that bygone battlefields can show. Keep, then, the message of these Colours ever before you, and the honour of your regiment and of your country will rest safe and sure in your hands"

d

THE KING AND HIS GUARDS ON HYDE PARK PARADE GROUND

THE OLD COLOURS BORNE AWAY AT THE SLOW MARCH: Men parading with the flags, carried regimentally for the last time, of faded crimson silk embroidered in gold with regimental emblems and battle honours such as Tangier, Blenheim, Waterloo, and Hindenburg Line. *On left*—The King presenting one of the new colours after it had been consecrated

"WE DO CONSECRATE AND MAY BE A SIGN OF OUR The Chaplain General to they were presented. *On* blue and fawn Royal dais Duchess of Kent, the Duch Elizabeth, and Princess

Two panoramic views of the colourful scene in Hyde Park showing *above*—some of the 6,000 Guardsmen drawn up in eight double ranks, with the officers in front, as His Majesty rode on to the parade ground prior to presenting new colours to six battalions. *Above on left*—An inspiring moment as the King, accompanied by the Duke of York, headed his troops at the start of the return journey to Buckingham Palace; a journey which was to be disturbed by a dramatic but what appeared to be a singularly ill-inspired incident on a morning of brilliant sunshine

SET APART THESE COLOURS THAT THEY DUTY TOWARDS OUR KING AND COUNTRY": the Forces blessing the new emblems before *right*—The King saluting as he returned to the from which the Queen, the Princess Royal, the ess of York, the Earl of Harewood, Princess Margaret Rose witnessed the ceremonial

WHAT THE CAMERA SA

EYE WITNESSES ON THE TOP OF THE ARCH: Two *Times* men, a Fox camera operator, and other trained observers were on the parapet of the archway. They saw an object thrown into the road from some portion of the crowd, but record nothing of the colourful incidents recounted by "eye-witnesses" standing below

JUST AFTER THE THROWING OF THE REVOLVER: A mounted policeman is seen passing out to the roadway through the spectators three or four deep, evidently after the foot constables had arrested the man with the revolver. Young girls and women were standing in front; a few men behind

THE MAN WHO BRANDISHED THE REVOLVER BEING QUIETLY LED AWAY FROM THE SCENE: Many of the first printed accounts of the happenings at the archway on Constitution Hill contained a number of exciting incidents appropriate to the occasion, but after a study of the unbiased camera records here published it is difficult to know how or where to place them. The seething, excited crowd appears as a quiet line of spectators, three to four deep, largely composed of women. A picture will show the reader the general temperature of the in quickly that only those very close to the incident realised at One gentleman, it will be noted, is walking away from the sp the arrest. No excited gestures are visible among the other spectat

AW: An Unvarnished Record of What Occurred at Constitution Hill

A MOUNTED POLICEMAN picked up the weapon from the bare roadway and examined it

A careful examination of this the incident, which happened so ed at all what had happened. the spot, quite unconcerned with ectators

THE ACCUSED MAN from a studio portrait

Not Recorded by the Camera

"The crowd turned on the man"

"Men seemed to appear from nowhere and surge all round the man"

"People were still beating the man as they rushed him at top speed to a van"

"Holding the man high . . . he was passed from hand to hand over the crowd's head"

"The huge crowd opposite—it was a big one even for a London crowd"

See camera records on left and on right

THE MAN WITH THE REVOLVER IS LED AWAY: The man was very quickly arrested by three regular constables and one special seen on the left. He is special constable Dick from Hackney, who was on duty at this point. He, it has been stated, actually seized the man's arm and caused the revolver to fly into the road. The accused man is balder now than when his studio portrait was taken

The KING

Scenes After the

THE KING'S UNRUFFLED CALM: His Majesty, unperturbed by the revolver incident, proceeds on his way, but turns to talk with the officer riding a few paces behind him, evidently commenting on what had happened. At this point, some fifty yards from the scene of McMahon's action, only a few people were aware that anything untoward had taken place at the Arch

THE STRONG ARM OF THE LAW: a wonderful view of the procession above the heads of the crowd. fulness of the London police—a

MAKING LIGHT OF IT: The King and the officer accompanying him joking together as they passed down Constitution Hill. His Majesty was riding his beautiful charger Cobham (note his glittering bridle). The scene was a particularly beautiful one as viewed from Constitution Hill. The flashing sunlight on the moving foliage reflected the true sentiment of the hour and not the unfortunate incident which momentarily disturbed it

AFTER THE ARREST: A group of in the top of Constitution Hill where was held until the arrival of the where he was charged with possess

RIDES ON

Constitution Hill Incident

One of His Majesty's little subjects, who gained from Hyde Park as a constable held her high A delightful picture that epitomises the thought-quality that ranks second only to their efficiency

terested spectators round the Quadriga Arch at the incident took place and where McMahon police car that took him to Bow Street ing a revolver with intent to endanger life

THE PAGEANTRY CONTINUES: The Guards marching with their usual precision as they passed the spot where a few seconds before the King had been menaced. If His Majesty had reined up his horse there would doubtless have been a certain amount of confusion, and the calm way in which he faced the situation has won him world-wide admiration

WIFE OF THE ACCUSED: Mrs. Rose McMahon pictured as she left her home on the morning after the arrest

McMAHON'S HOME: The basement room in Westbourne Street, Paddington, which has been occupied by the accused and his wife for some time past

SAFETY-FIRST MEASURES IN BOW STREET: It was feared that public indignation might lead to trouble, so a strong force of police lined the road before the arrival of McMahon at the police station

REMANDED: The police car driving away from Bow Street with McMahon following his appearance before Sir Rollo Graham-Campbell, the Chief Metropolitan Magistrate. He is said to have inquired after the King, stating, "I did not want to hurt him. I only did it as a protest"

DRAMA of the WEEK

Happiness Found, Two by Two, at the Duchess—A Lovely Rosalind and a New Celia at Regent's Park—A Great Spanish Dancer

Reviewed by Philip Page

A BRILLIANT PAIR OF BROTHERS: In the bustling and lively Cochran show, *Blackbirds of 1936*, at the Gaiety Theatre the Nicholas Brothers from time to time hold the stage alone and very cleverly they do it

FICTION some years ago produced a detestable American child called Pollyanna, who endeared herself to the hearts of the film-fans of the day and even, in the person of Miss Joan Barry (why is it so long since we have seen Miss Joan Barry?) invaded the stage of the St. James's Theatre and the august memories of Sir George Alexander.

Pollyanna's mission in life was to spread happiness, with the result that everyone, at least in the theatre audience, longed to cause her acute unhappiness—in spite of Miss Barry's prettiness and charm—in the form of a good hard spanking.

I do not think the authors of *Spring Tide* at the Duchess Theatre deserve such punishment, for they have written a play well worth seeing, a play which does not bore for an instant. But they have spread the happiness much too thick. It is all rather like eating thin slices of bread with about an inch of butter on top. Had it not redeeming humour, this play would have been as sickly and as indigestible as Pollyanna's and would probably run no longer. As it is, it is likely to be a long while before the little Duchess needs a successor.

This theatre, by the way, started its career by being one of the unluckiest, and it is the only theatre in London to have housed a revue which lasted one night only. Its fortunes have indeed changed and chunks of happiness must be spreading to its proprietors, lessees, and so forth without causing them any irritation.

To return to *Spring Tide*. It is concerned with one of the most sensible, reliable, and to-be-highly-commended methods of achieving happiness—achieving more money. The characters are the inhabitants of a shabby boarding house who cannot afford even that; for most of them, including the woman who runs it, are in a sad financial tangle. What the wealthy old Irishman, O'Hara, was doing among them I do not know. But Mrs. Porrett, the landlady, might have adapted the old song and have sung with sincerity—

> "Our lodger's such a nice old man,
> Such a nice old man is he,
> So good, so kind, to all our company."

O'Hara, a part played, fortunately, by Mr. Arthur Sinclair, did not display his wealth except in the matter of ordering (and, apparently, consuming) an inordinately large number of bottles of beer. I fear for Mr. Sinclair's figure if the play runs even for a few months.

If, on the other hand, O'Hara was not so very wealthy, how was he able to apply the Midas touch to all his fellows? I usually find that people who guarantee to make large sums for other people, but remain poor themselves, are frauds, and O'Hara did not seem to be a fraud. But one need not follow this line of argument too closely. *Spring Tide* is fine entertainment from beginning to end, and it is as pretty and as satisfactory an end as one could desire. Jack has his Jill, and, what is so important, plenty of money on which to support her.

The moral, if there is one, is more useful than praiseworthy. It is, frankly, "Give the public tripe and you'll grow rich." So the penniless composer who is starving on writing mighty symphonies, or something of the sort, is told by O'Hara to write jazz, does so, and the cheques roll in. Whether serious composers *can* write successful jazz, is another matter. I rather doubt it. A young prig of a dramatist is told not to aim too high in his plays, either socially or intellectually, and again the trick works. The scene in which Mr. Arthur Sinclair administered that piece of advice is the best in the play and immense fun.

Mr. Arthur Hambling, rambling in and out with beer bottles and an occasional "Ay, ay, sir!" as an old sailor turned man-servant, showed a true and original sense of character as well as a piquant resemblance to Mr. George Gee. Miss Nancy Hornsby and Miss Patricia (daughter of Marie) Burke looked as pretty as a dozen peaches and acted far better than any peach ever will. As an unsuccessful share-pusher who blossoms into a highly-paid salesmanship expert, Mr. Basil Radford was as large as life and twice as natural, and Miss Louise Hampton, usually doomed to play depressing females, was as merry and as vulgar as most barmaids are not.

In short, one of the most enjoyable and obviously successful plays of the year.

And I hope that remark will spread a bit of happiness.

THE ORIGIN OF THE TROUBLE: Schnitzler's powerful play, *Professor Bernhardi*, at the Phœnix Theatre, turns on this refusal of the doctor (Abraham Sofaer) to allow the priest (Bernard Merefield) access to a dying patient

"As You Like It."—*As You Like It* in the Open-air Theatre, Regent's Park, drew an enormous audience for the first performance of the revival. So that is obviously how most people *do* like it.

For this is an ideal open-air play, so much so, indeed, that I marvel that Mr. Sydney Carroll scheduled it for four performances only. Possibly those crowds will make him change his mind, for given good weather conditions, forty performances would not be too much for it.

The most arresting feature (though it is far from being the most important part) was the appearance of Miss Jane Cain as Celia. Miss Cain, "the girl with the golden voice" is, like Puccini's *The Girl of the Golden West*, very sweet indeed but not wholly satisfactory. Considering this is, so I understand, the first part she has ever played she was extraordinarily good. I see no reason why experience and further opportunities should not raise Cain, as it were, to an actress of very high rank. She has ability and all the physical assets.

Miss Margaretta Scott, than whom there is no better Shakespearean actress, was a lovely Rosalind in every sense of the word, and her speaking voice is surely as golden as anyone's. Mr. Baliol Holloway's gravely resonant tones suited "the melancholy Jacques," but I have liked Mr. Leslie French in other parts better than as Touchstone, for which he seemed a trifle too "fey."

Miss Lesley Wareing, that brilliantly vivacious young actress, was tucked away in a part hardly good enough for her. Mr. Gyles Isham's fine physique came in useful in Orlando's wrestling bouts.

"The Petrified Forest" (Film).—I saw *The Petrified Forest* not long since in New York as a play. In that form (which is surely the best form for it) it had a vast success during a rather bleak season, though it was by no means a case of its standing out owing to the flatness of the surrounding country.

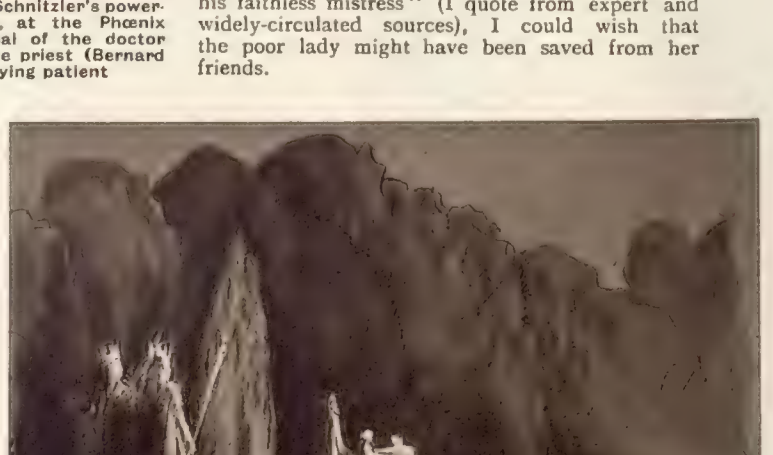
Neither on the stage nor the screen do I believe in the cynical philosopher, one Alan Squire, who gives his life for a fair lady. The character is grease-paint from top to toe, and even Mr. Leslie Howard's favourite method of underplaying (which here comes in rather useful) does not rid one's nostrils of the smell of it. Theatrical, too, is the atmosphere of that hut in the Wild West and the gangsters and their guns; but they are at least honest-to-goodness sensationalism—vintage *circa* 1920.

Miss Bette Davis is probably the most natural thing in the whole contraption, and beyond a doubt the most charming.

Argentina.—Argentina, who has died suddenly in early middle age, was a great dancer in a not very great sphere. Perhaps I should say rather a narrow sphere. Spanish dancing is lovely and colourful and probably no more exquisite exponent of it ever lived. But its interpretative qualities are strictly limited and in most cases monotony makes a rather early appearance.

It is to the credit of Argentina that she would do a one-woman show and get away with it. Her last season at the Savoy was a great success; yet she had no assistance whatever and had nothing beyond her repertoire of dances, all much the same flavour, and her own personality, upon which to rely.

The death of Argentina has resulted in a spate of nonsense about the castanets. She was an accomplished mistress of those little bits of wood, and I am fully prepared to believe that the manipulation of them is not so easy as it looks. But when I read that she could make the castanets "sing like a bird," or "plead as a despairing lover to his faithless mistress" (I quote from expert and widely-circulated sources), I could wish that the poor lady might have been saved from her friends.



Drawn by Percy Horne

PROSPERO, FERDINAND, AND MIRANDA APPEAR ONCE AGAIN AT REGENT'S PARK: Crowded audiences at Regent's Park have witnessed on the greensward of the Queen's Dell the living picture of an enchanted Isle and have heard the strange and elusive music of Shakespeare's immortal requiem

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When you're thirsty and jaded, take a Schweppes Sparkling Lime, with a spot of gin if you prefer, and sip it lazily. It's as sparkling as early sunshine. As refreshing as a rain-washed morning. Keen and clean. And very, very cool. 'The colder the better' applies to all Schweppes drinks.

Schweppes

BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING

A BIG CITY BLAZE: Crowds lining Farringdon Street and Holborn Viaduct to watch members of the brigade directing their hoses on the five-storey premises, used by firms of printers and die stampers, where fire broke out at 8.30 on the evening of July 14, gaining hold on the structure with extraordinary rapidity and only being brought under control after nearly two hours' work. About 9.45 spectators heard the crash of collapsing floors within the building

L.P.T.B. ENTERPRISE: Aldgate High Street with one-way traffic in operation to allow of work proceeding on the £1,000,000 Underground Railway improvement scheme now being carried out in order to provide facilities for coping with a greatly increased number of passengers. For the purpose Aldgate and Aldgate East stations are being converted into one vast station

The Price of

NATIONAL SPENDING

Britain Now Owes a Sum of £7,796,000,000 which, Figuratively Speaking, Lays a Debt of £170 on Every Man, Woman, and Child in the Country

By J. BAKER WHITE

Of all the economic diseases that affect nations and communities squandermania is the most infectious and pernicious. Let a political party get elected to power in local or national government the usual result is for them to say, "Now let us spend lots and lots of public money on all sorts of new schemes and services. Above all let us spend more money than our predecessors." And so more money is borrowed, another lump added to the load of State or municipal debt that has to be borne by the taxpayers and in time by their children and their children's children. And those embarking on a programme of "social reform" or some other costly venture conveniently forget that thanks to wars and previous State spending the British National Debt now totals the colossal figure of £7,796,000,000, or a debt of over £170 for every man, woman, and child in the country.

There is nothing very new about this National Debt. It was raised in the days of the later Stuarts to pay for military and naval operations abroad, but it amounted to only £664,000 until the "Glorious Revolution" in 1688, when the process of replacing James II—a better King than the historians would have us believe—by William of Orange added nearly £16,000,000 to it.

The Duke of Marlborough's campaigns during the reign of Queen Anne added another £38,000,000, though part of this sum was paid off in George I's reign. In the reign of the second George it rose by another £87,000,000, but George III paid off £10,000,000 of it in the first twelve years of his reign. Then came the American War to raise the Debt by £121,000,000 to a total of nearly £250,000,000. There followed a period of reduction until the outbreak of the French Revolution and the Napoleonic Wars, and the twenty-three years of struggle on land and sea increased it by £601,500,000. In the year after Waterloo the total of the Debt was £900,436,000, of which £816,312,000 was funded debt, £44,727,000 unfunded, and annuities £39,397,000, while the annual interest and management charges were nearly £33,000,000.

When Queen Victoria came to the throne the Debt had fallen to £788,000,000 and the charges to £29,000,000 a year. Her reign was marked by alternating periods of reduction and increase, but in spite of the cost of the Crimean War—£33,000,000—there was a substantial net reduction, and by the end of the century the Debt stood at £635,000,000. More wars in South Africa and China increased it by £142,752,000, but in those easy, prosperous, pre-war days it was cut down and at the outbreak of war in 1914 the taxpayers' burden was what by present-day standards seems a paltry sum, namely £661,473,000.

Then came 1914–1919, with its mud and glory, its stupidity and heroism, its destruction and high endeavour, its gallantry and courage, its cruelty and beastliness, to increase our Debt by no less than £7,200,000,000 and the annual cost of interest and management by £325,000,000, a burden that we and successive generations will have to bear for at least half-a-century. In 1920 the National Debt was thought to have reached its highest peak at £7,878,000,000 but in 1934, largely as a result of the effects of successive post-war governments to outdo one another in social expenditure—each and all neglecting national defence—it rose to over £8,000,000,000 and it is not inconceivable that even that figure may be exceeded in the next few years.

The National Debt falls into two main categories, Internal Debt and External Debt, and the following table shows the position at the end of the last financial year:—

	£
Internal debt:	
(1) Funded debt -	3,366,000,000
(2) Terminable annuities (estimated capital liability) -	12,124,000
(3) Unfunded debt -	3,501,470,000
Total -	6,879,594,000
External debt created under the War Loan Acts 1914–19 (payable abroad) - -	1,036,545,000

This gives a total Debt of £7,916,000,000, from which must be deducted about £120,000,000 representing Bonds tendered for Death Duties and held by the National Debt Commissioners. The Internal Debt consists largely of the various Government stocks and loans that are quoted each day in the papers under the heading of British Funds—e.g., various Consolidated Stock, Conversion Loan and Funding Loan—and in addition National Savings Certificates, Treasury Bills, and Treasury Bonds. War Loan 3½ per cent. accounts for £1,912,000,000, Treasury Bills for £763,000,000, Conversion Loan 3½ per cent. for £739,000,000, and Savings Certificates for £391,000,000. The greater part of the External Debt is the United States Government Loan of £897,000,000. A good many people in this country have forgotten about it, because we are not at present paying interest on it, but the Americans have not.

If there are any redeeming features about the National Debt they are that the greater part of it is internal, i.e., we owe it to ourselves and not to other countries, and that there is in operation a scheme for its reduction and possible eventual elimination. As long ago as 1875 Sir Stafford Northcote established the New Sinking Fund for the reduction of the Debt, and to-day reductions are made by means of the terminable annuities and various sinking funds for Victory Bonds, Funding Loans, Consols, and Conversion Loan. There is also the National Debt Redemption Fund which grows from voluntary gifts—it started with one of £499,000 in 1927—and the latest figures give the balance in hand as £762,000. The estimated cost of interest and management for the current year is £244,000,000, and it is not always appreciated that this money has to be found by direct or indirect taxation.

From time to time certain Socialist leaders of the Left Wing have raised the cry "Repudiate the National Debt." Such action would obviously be dishonest to the last degree. It would mean that countless thousands of small investors in Government stocks and Savings Certificates would lose every penny of their life savings, as well as large investors, such as industrial and commercial concerns, insurance companies and other financial institutions. Repudiation there will never be, unless some time in the future we have that most unlikely thing, a Communist government. But it is an essential economic law that if money is borrowed a debt is incurred and sooner or later that debt must be repaid, and interest must be paid in the meantime.

Those in charge of public spending seem often to forget it or ignore it, or else they argue that Britain is sufficiently prosperous for every soul in the country to carry a load of debt of £170. That is a dangerous theory, for heavy taxation never encourages prosperity. To-day, and for the next eight years or more, we have got to pay for re-armament, and the Chancellor has predicted a Budget deficit at the end of the current financial year. That must mean more borrowing, and so more debt, or more taxation. Nobody who has visited Europe in the past twelve months, will question the wisdom of re-armament, but doing things in a hurry is always expensive.

PERSONALIA

THE KING HOLDS AN INVESTITURE: Notabilities leaving Buckingham Palace after receiving the decorations conferred on them in the Birthday Honours list. *Left*—Sir Selwyn Grier, Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Windward Islands, was made a Knight Commander of the Order of St. Michael and St. George. *Right*—Wing-Commander Ralph Sorley and Squadron-Leader Cecil Bouchier, were both recipients of the Order of the British Empire

A CHEERY TRIO: Members of the Don Cossack choir who came to London last week to appear at 10, Downing Street, where Mrs. Baldwin held an At Home in aid of the Safer Motherhood appeal

On left—SHE CAME, SHE SAW, SHE CONQUERED: Eighteen-year-old Willeen Wilson went to the Theatrical Garden Party and on the spur of the moment took part in Noel Coward's auditionforamateurs. She did so well that the famous playwright-producer has decided to give her a part in his show, *Mademoiselle*, to be presented at the Gaiety in September

COOK TO HAILE SELASSIE: Bancho, a statuesque young Abyssinian in flowing robes, preparing a national dish for the Emperor. He is being assisted by Abata a youth who came to England with Dr. Martin when he was first appointed Ethiopian Minister to the Court of St. James's

A NURSE HONOURED: Miss Cecilia Margaret Gardner, who is the Assistant County Director, British Red Cross Society, Dumbartonshire, leaving Buckingham Palace after receiving the M.B.E. at the King's Investiture last week

THE OCCIDENTAL TOUCH: Mr. Chang Liang San and his bride, Miss Chan Mee Chan, after their wedding at the Chinese Institute, Gower Street, Bloomsbury. They met as students and have studied together in various parts of the world

IN DOUBLE HARNESS: Gloria and Dawn, the noted London mannequins, who have gone into business, setting up a school of deportment for society folk, and a school for mannequins which will provide fashion houses with trained workers. They also give physical culture classes

WANTED ON VOYAGE

□

Early Autumn Cruises Call for Foresight in Clothes

YOU WILL WANT

A Steamer Coat that is Light and Soft and Warm

AND

Lots of Swim Suits and Sun-bathing Dresses for Social Afternoons by the Pool

Off-white Camel Hair

Perfection in Simplicity

TRAVELLING, like most of the best things in life, is an art. Some people have an instinctive knowledge. Others acquire it, more or less painstakingly, as a result of experience.

Packing, too, is an art. Most people take far too many things, and even then find, too late, that they lack essentials. Careful planning before one sets out saves so much time and trouble afterwards. Only you, who know where you are going and how long you will be away, can fill in the details. But here are certain basic things that are indispensable.

A travelling coat, light, warm, good-tempered. (The one above is an off-white camel coat with an open seam down the back. Natural wood buckle and buttons. It costs 5½ guineas at Harrods).

At least one linen suit. (They have one, very simple and well-cut, with navy buttons, at 2½ guineas).

A flannel suit. (You will find a gem at Harrods for 3½ guineas.)

Two light blouses, one frivolous, one shirt-waist. And several jerseys with a cardigan that goes with them all.

Two or three washing silk dresses.

Three (or more) evening frocks.

One warm evening jacket.

One felt and one straw hat. Several berets or head-bands.

Three swim suits.

One pair of shorts, play suits, or sun-frocks. (Heim's delightful beach-wrap in white silk lightly printed with black is shown on the left).

A really well-equipped beauty box designed to meet your own special needs.

THE SCULPTOR'S ART: An Italian medal bearing on the obverse a portrait of Cecilia Gonzaga, daughter of Gianfrancesco I, Marquis of Mantua (1424–1451), and on the reverse a rocky landscape lit by a crescent moon and with a figure of Innocence, whose left hand rests on the head of a unicorn. An example of the work of Vittore Pisano (Pisanello), to be auctioned at Christie's on Monday next as part of the valuable collection of medals, plaquettes, and coins formed by the late Henry Oppenheimer

Oppenheimer Collection

GIANFRANCESCO I, MARQUIS OF MANTUA: Another work by Pisano showing the nobleman wearing a tall hat and (reverse) on horseback with a mounted page behind him

EMILIA PIA, WIFE OF ANTONIO DA MONTEFELTRO is represented on this medal designed by Adriano Fiorentino

Oppenheimer Collection

FRANCIS I OF FRANCE: A medal by an unknown hand representing the monarch who was the patron of so many artists and writers and the splendour of whose reign is always remembered by The Field of the Cloth of Gold

Oppenheimer Collection

MOHAMMED II, SULTAN OF THE TURKS, 1443-81: Costanzo da Ferrara depicts "the Conqueror" in profile and also on horseback. It was Mohammed who embarked on a series of wars which made him feared throughout Europe

Medals of the Great

The WORLD *of* BOOKS

Lady Eleanor Smith's Readable New Novel: Dennis Kincaid's Perceptive and Sympathetic Picture of Contemporary India

By VERNON FANE

MEDORA was a lady. And because she was a lady, her elderly lover told her, she was a remarkably wooden actress. Not that he minded such a failing, in spite of the fact that it was ruining his little touring company, and driving away those bookings which his own drunkenness had not already lost them. For he loved Medora, and Medora, being a lady, was loyal to him from the day he rescued her from her unsatisfying work as a governess to the day when he died to leave her way clear to marriage.

Medora is the heroine of Lady Eleanor Smith's new novel **PORTRAIT OF A LADY** (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.) and a very spirited young woman she is. Born with the almost classical disadvantage of having a courtesan for a mother, she is very beautiful, reasonably intelligent and, when circumstances permit, very attached to her luxuries. When the story opens in the Biarritz of 1860 she is contemplating the first independent step of her life; to leave her handsome, hostile mother, and to earn her own living in the only way which strikes her as possible, as governess to an unprepossessing family in a Liverpool suburb.

From teaching to acting is a short step which she takes at the end of a few months, though she has no more aptitude for one than the other. Her own talents are less clearly defined. She has a sense of dress, an air of good breeding, and an ability to speak four languages. She also has the gift of great beauty, and it is that, far more than her unremarkable character, which shapes her life and dictates its changes.

The next step in Medora's not unsuccessful career, and one of melodramatic abruptness, is her marriage to the Marquess of Cheyn, a rich, dour nobleman of fifty, whose pride leads him to treat Medora like a precious, fragile *bibelot*, and to behave as distantly as a well-bred tutor. This conduct, not unnaturally, distresses Medora, and when a personable young gipsy makes his appearance she elopes with him without very much ado, leaving a chilly little note for her husband. (The entrance of the gipsy was a great relief to me for I had been waiting for one for more than 200 pages and the strain was beginning to tell.) He was a good-looking boy too, but only of temporary interest to Medora who soon left him and retired to Spain, to lead a life of nun-like solitude in Seville on the generous marriage allowance her husband had arranged for her.

"I think you will prefer it than that I should earn my living as I did when you first saw me," she very properly explains in a belated access of prudence.

Happily the Marquess finds her in her Sevillian retreat, and happily they return, reconciled, to the great house of Cheyn with its windows blazing forth "like a necklace of brilliant gems." It is a happy ending no less satisfactory for being inevitable, and the end of a thoroughly readable story. But some day I must ask Lady Eleanor about gipsies. I think that there will always be one at least in each of her books, to bring it luck, in the same way that people wear bracelets of lucky charms, or a tiny piece of wood, easy to touch in emergencies.

Since the publication of *Durbar* it has been customary to say of Mr. Dennis Kincaid that he "knows his India." That is a loose statement and quite meaningless when it comes from someone who has never even visited the country. It is still possible though, and fortunately for the Great Untravelled, to appreciate his books and to form the cautious opinion that he certainly does seem to know what he is writing about.

THEIR WAYS DIVINE (Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.) is as good as one had expected and hoped, and that is more than temperate praise. It is the story of two young men, an educated Brahmin and an Englishman. They meet as children when Edward's father is an official in the Indian Civil Service in Naru's village, and later when Edward returns to India in the same Service as his father. The young Brahmin loves him with infinite respect and devotion, and is often deeply wounded at what he considers the other's coldness.

In post-war India Congress is active and Mr. Gandhi counts his followers in hundreds of thousands, but the meagre, peaceful, village life that Naru knows is hardly touched. After some months of mixed happiness and indecision for Naru, and of hard, absorbing work for Edward, the young Englishman goes back to England on leave, and returns with a wife, earnest, sensible and brisk, and as thoroughly unlikeable a young woman as I have encountered for a long time. Not surprisingly, she and Naru feel a mutual antipathy. Her intelligent interest in Indian life chills and repels him, and she considers him "quite a nice little person" but uninspiring.

Suddenly bereft of his whole *raison d'être*, since he now considers that Edward has no time for his company, he flings himself into the terrorist movement, and as a member of that his first assignment is to shoot an English official. He shoots, and as the man is falling sees that it is Edward. In the same instant he has shot himself, and his tragic little figure falls with his friend's.

There is not a word without value and meaning in Mr. Kincaid's book, and as a perceptive and sympathetic picture of India it is a revelation.

John Marlow was known to the boys of St. Edmund's as "Old Goufy." "He was mad; he would give you a detention, and then let you off it; he would give you a hundred lines to write, and let you go home when you had done twenty-five. They would have thought him madder had they known how suddenly it had come into his head that they had chilblains or stuffy noses, that they came from awful homes, that all their lives they'd go on saying 'Braown.'"

John, just down from Oxford, wanted to be a botanist, pursuing rare and bright flowers in out-of-the-way places. He was not a success as master in this suburban public school, which specialised in day boys, and where he had to live a miserable existence in bad lodgings in order to support a sister with a mentally defective child. In vain he went to the sister, determined to obtain a release. Her helplessness and dependence are too strong for him.

Then there is the hearty Attenborough, whose play-up-and-play-the-game spirit kept the school going in the best traditions of the old school tie. Attenborough had an attractive wife whom he bullied, but who still managed to like pictures by Van Gogh, and apparently liked John enough to have an affair with him. The discovery of this leads to an awful row, which results in the murder of Attenborough.

Up to this moment Miss Joanna Cannan's story, **FRIGHTENED ANGELS** (Gollancz. 7s. 6d.), follows a conventional line, until the reader suddenly becomes aware of its power in the description of the murder itself. Indeed, just before that, in the incident where Attenborough surprises Marlow in his wife's bed, there is an unusual quality of reality. The drama is all there, and each of the characters is acting to type; but the author somehow conveys the sense that in the situation itself all three are feeling exceptionally foolish. It is the same with the murder, which is done quite simply and unpremeditatedly with a cricket bat. There is no

(*Continued on page* 162)

BOOKS RECEIVED

GEORGE ALLEN & UNWIN.—IN THE HEART OF EUROPE: Life in Czechoslovakia. By Gerald Druce. 6s. THE BARONESS. By Ernst Wiechert. Translated from the German by Phyllis and Trevor Blewitt. 7s. 6d. CHATTO & WINDUS.—THE ENGLISH NOVELISTS: A Survey of the Novel by Twenty Contemporary Novelists. Edited by Derek Verschoyle. 8s. 6d. WATERLOO IN WARDOUR STREET. By Eric Siepmann. 7s. 6d. CONSTABLE.—TRENT'S OWN CASE. By E. C. Bentley and H. Warner Allen. 7s. 6d. GOLLANCZ.—FRANCE TO-DAY AND THE PEOPLE'S FRONT. By Maurice Thorez. Translated from the French manuscript by Emile Burns. 5s. OUT OF THE NIGHT: A Biologist's View of the Future. By H. J Muller. 4s. 6d. FAMOUS PLAYS OF 1935-6. 7s. 6d. THE NEW HOUSE. By Lettice Cooper. 7s. 6d. THE PHŒNIX' NEST. By Elizabeth Jenkins. 7s. 6d. DENT.—OVERTURE, BEGINNERS! By John Moore. 7s. 6d. GERMANY'S WAR MACHINE. By Albert Muller. Translated from the German by A. H. Marlow. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. YORK MINSTER AND NEIGHBOURING ABBEYS AND CHURCHES. By Gordon Home. Illustrated. 2s. 6d. EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE.—EQUATORIAL DAWN: Travel Letters from North, East, and Central Africa. By Dorothy Una Ratcliffe (Mrs. McGrigor Phillips). Illustrated. 12s. 6d. HEINEMANN.—SACRIFICE TO ATTIS: A Study of Sex and Civilisation. By William A. Brend. 10s. 6d. RODEO: A Collection of the Tales and Sketches of R. B. Cunninghame Graham. Selected by A. F. Tschiffely. 8s. 6d. JOURNEY WITHOUT MAPS. By Graham Greene. Illustrated. 15s. SURPRISE ITEM. By Nikolai Gubsky. 7s. 6d. THEY GAVE HIM A GUN. By W. Joyce Cowen. 7s. 6d. THE ANGER OF THE NORTH. By John Clayton. 7s. 6d. HAMISH HAMILTON.—CAESAR'S MANTLE: The End of the Roman Republic. By Ferdinand Mainzer. 10s. 6d. TO THE MOUNTAIN. By Bradford Smith. Introduction by William Palmer. 7s. 6d. THE OCEAN. By Paul Nizovoy. Translated from the Russian by John Cournos. 7s. 6d. HODDER & STOUGHTON.—CAN THE DOCTOR COME? By Einar Wallquist. Translated from the Swedish by Paula Wiking. Illustrated by Bip Pares. 10s. 6d. THE PENROSE MYSTERY. By R. Austin Freeman. 7s. 6d. INTERNATIONAL PUBLISHING COMPANY.—THE UNMENTIONED. By Georg Kreuzmann. Translated by G. B. D. Morison. 6s. JARROLDS.—THE TRAIL OF THE CONQUERORS. By Colonel P. T. Etherton and Vernon Barlow. Illustrated. 16s. THE GREAT WHITE GODS: An Epic of the Spanish Invasion of Mexico and the Conquest of the Barbaric Aztec Culture of the New World. By Eduard Stucken. Woodcuts by H. Glintenkamp. 8s. 6d. ROLL RIVER. By James Boyd. 8s. 6d. METHUEN.—HERO-DUST. By James Kemble. 6s. OUR FELLOW MEN. By H. V. Morton. 3s. 6d. THIS IS MURDER. By Charles J. Kenny. 7s. 6d. HISTORIC CYPRUS. By Rupert Gunnis. Illustrated. 8s. 6d. DEAR SIR: A Selection of Letters to the Editor of *The Times*. Edited, with an Introduction, by Douglas Woodruff. 8s. 6d. SEA-MARY. By O. R. Pilat. 7s. 6d.

This England . . .

Near Fowey, Cornwall.

OUR ROUGH island story has embodied many a hard lesson on the road to grandeur. Yet are we mellowed rather than embittered; and from it all has grown a great love of homely things. Things wrought by hand. Things created with slow care to perpetuate the tradition that conceived them. One such is Worthington, a grand beer brewed in the grand manner—slowly, carefully, that naught may spoil . . . A very English drink. . .

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

(Continued from page 160)

overloading of the incident with dramatic flourishes; no panic or hysteria on the part of the murderer—rather a sense of a deed which was inevitable having been accomplished. It is perfectly right, for instance, that John Marlow goes to his lodgings and enjoys a good night's sleep immediately afterwards. We then have a situation in which Marlow is disturbed, not because of the murder, (nor is there any question of an innocent person being blamed), but by the fact that no one will believe that he is the murderer. Worry drives him almost to distraction. He confesses to the headmaster and to the police, but nobody believes him. His sister (who is indirectly responsible for the deed) is suddenly released by the death of her defective child, and calmly does the very thing which, had she done it before, would have saved him. Attenborough's widow cannot understand why John wishes to avoid her, shrugs her shoulders, departs for the South of France, and is not at all surprised when she hears of John's apparent suicide. It was not suicide; but that again is all part of the quiet strength of the story.

If Miss Cannan's novel has any defect it is that none of the characters excites pity nor stirs the emotions deeply. Her hero is a sane, sensible, though sensitive, young man; and if men are frightened angels, he, in the throes of a drama, is just as frightened as the next man. What is unforgettable in the book is the objectivity of the author's approach to its dramatic moments. Here is realism, without the slightest straining for effect; and the consequence is that the reader is left with the impression that not only are her characters real, but that what they do is perfectly normal. Without a doubt, Miss Cannan is a very fine novelist, and *Frightened Angels* is undoubtedly one of her most accomplished pieces of work.

SWEDEN AT PEAK AGAIN

(Continued from page 134)

and common-sense and, above all, a sense of civic responsibility one to the other.

And yet . . . Sweden has just emerged from a political crisis and endorsed a new Leader. The Premier who led the country back to 1929 peak times is out, on a trifle. People can be such extravagant mortals. Take Belgium, where another first-class physician, Van Zeeland, is far from secure.

Many Swedes of this and that political hue will tell you that the future is compromised. What can be expected from this peasant, Pehrson? Well, the peasant Pehrson seems to be a hard-headed guy, anyway, and a successful one. Inheriting a small farm thirty years ago, he built and built and built until to-day he controls the nation's milk production. He has, in fact, organised all agricultural producers.

Spurning the bourgeois parties, Premier Pehrson will tolerate no brake being put on Socialistic experiments, though not himself of that party.

The other night memory stirred. Memories will stir if you keep on visiting and re-visiting Europe, especially if you order a last artichoke on the terrace of the Grand, down by the twinkling waterfront, in the pale, still summer midnight.

My first memory was of passing through on the way out to Russia as war correspondent at Christmas, 1914. "Freezing Neutralia" was sent back to London in deathless prose. Germany was strong and Sweden froze against the Allies.

A second memory was more personal and went back to 1919, to the hotel on whose terrace I sat. I do not know if anybody has ever had to compete with an out-size female insistent upon scrubbing him in his bath. Time-honoured custom of the country, no doubt, yet one never guessed that the muscular, foot-in-the-door work could be so insistent, nor the virago so impervious to *Nein!*

ONE MAN SHOW: A notable canvas at the exhibition of Decorative Flower Paintings by Terence Loudon at the galleries of James Connell and Sons, 56, Conduit Street

Memory number three reverted to an island (one of a thousand) out in the archipelago, where a Caucasian gentleman caused to be killed and buried beneath his secluded datcha a number of traitors to the Tsar; the high light being that firstly he subjected each to trial by jury on which sat among others, feminine members of his house party. Death by strangulation. The Caucasian gentleman escaped. I do not give his name because he may be leading a choir now.

The memory of this latest visit rests fairly secure: that of the first country positively to dispel the nightmare notion that normal recovery in our time lay beyond encompassment by the brain of man.

Nor could one do better, in order to come up with the necessary proof, than to quit admiring the Town Hall and look at the hill above, to the pride of all the "elephant houses" which, in the few sizable towns, already provide nearly 30,000 flats for Swedish workmen, tradesmen, clerical and professional people, functionaries, and their families. They were labelled "elephant" by a sceptic who said they'd prove white.

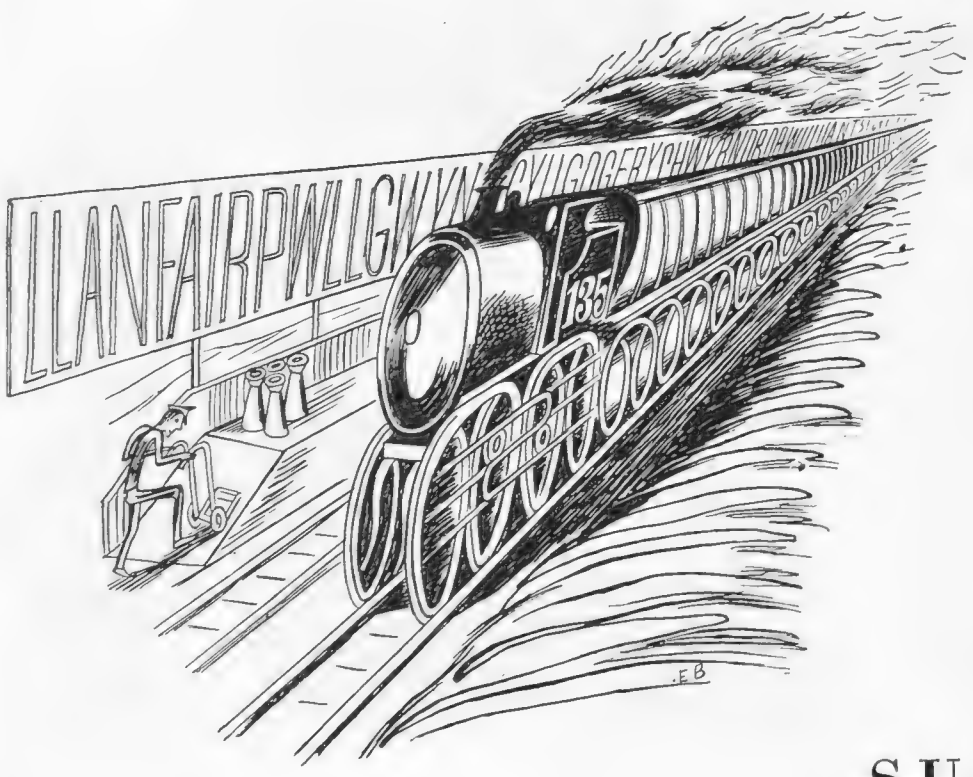
Stockholm alone now has nearly a hundred of these "cliff dwellings." It's a long story, and I should have to tell all about the H.B.S. the society which, under architect-in chief Sven Wallender, financed, built, and lets these serried apartments boasting everything from automatically beaten rugs to community nurseries, infirmaries, and roof gardens. So intense is H.S.B. mothering, that not long ago was held an exhibition to improve tenants' taste, the super-proletariat yet craving for "dark red and green wallpapers with gaudy designs in gilt."

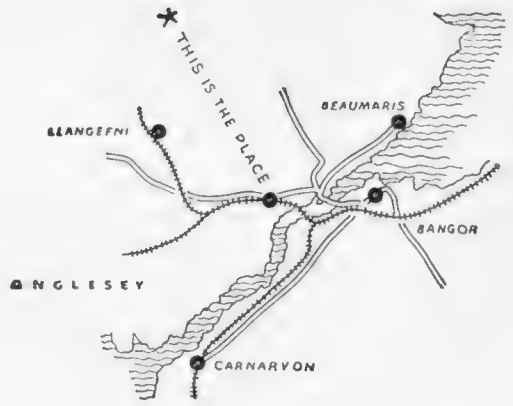
THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

In these serious times the children must not be forgotten, and the Society has always to find money to daily maintain the 1,100 poor boys and girls in the Society's various Homes and Training Ship. Please send a donation to help this great work of training poor boys and girls to become good and useful citizens. The children will thank you. All gifts will be gratefully acknowledged from 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C. 2.

LLANFAIRPWLLGWYNGYLLGOGERYCHWYRNDROBWLL-LLANTYSILIOGOGOGOCH

BUT **SHELL** *LLASTS LLONGEST*





YOU CAN BE

SURE OF SHELL

The Autumn Tailor-made...
in New Styles and New Fabrics

Special Prices
... until Sep. 12
from 8½ gns

The Illustration . . .
TAILORED COAT and SKIRT in West of England Suiting, cut on plain lines with broad shoulders and inset pockets. Well-cut panel skirt.

Debenham&Freebody
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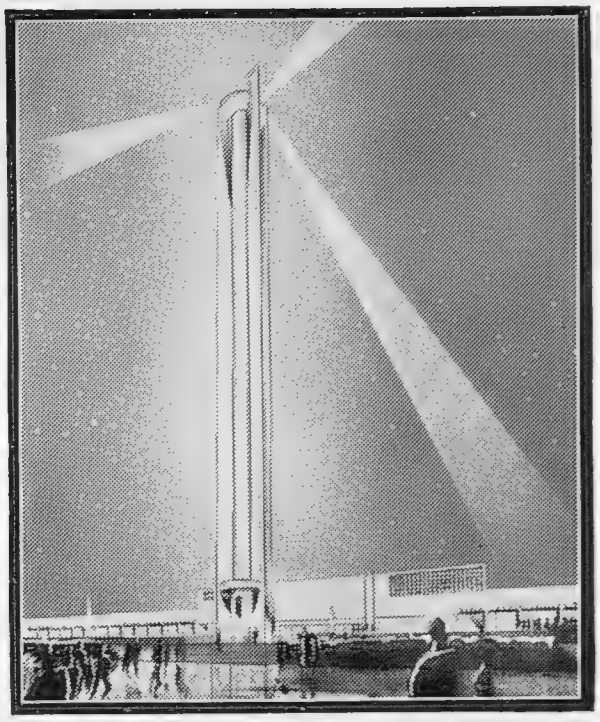
A 200 feet illuminated tower in the Exhibition Grounds which will be visible over a distance of 70 miles.



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CRUISING *in the* EARLY AUTUMN

The Mediterranean and Atlantic Islands Draw Late Holiday Makers to the Sunny South — Where to Go and What to See

SO quickly is our summer over (what there is of it) that by this time one is ready to clutch at any opportunity of getting some real sunshine, guaranteed to go on for several days in succession. And, fortunately, the opportunities are there waiting to be clutched, now that we have arrived at what may surely be regarded as the height of the cruising era.

The past few months have been busy ones for the shipping companies, and during the next two, close on a hundred liners will be leaving England on round trips lasting for anything from one week to six, and visiting between them all the most interesting ports in Europe.

In September, again, sailings are more or less proportionately heavy, the only difference being that there is then a greater concentration on southern shores. July and August are the best times for going to the north—a Scandinavian heat-wave can be as hot as a Mediterranean one just at that season—and bookings for cruises visiting the Norwegian fjords and the cities of the Baltic are unusually heavy this year, it is said. But it is the Mediterranean and the Atlantic Islands that will draw late holiday-makers, so that a brief survey of those happy regions may be of help.

Three to four days will see you at Gibraltar. And very pleasant days they can be, too. As the English coastline fades from view, a comfortable sense of irresponsibility steals over one; lighthouses wink cheerfully through the gathering dusk; there is the excitement of exploring a new environment—reading rooms, writing rooms, lounges, bar, dining room; of memorising the shortest way from one point to another about the ship (it is all very confusing for the first half hour or so); then of pacing the decks on which, even if it should be raining when you start, you know that before long you will be basking; and then there is—to me, at least—the supreme pleasure of waking up for the first time out of sight of land and realising that a day of idleness or amusement, just as one happens to feel inclined, lies before one.

On a Mediterranean cruise Tangier will probably be the first port of call: very white it looks against its background of sun-baked hills, and a shore excursion gives one a real sense of being right abroad—as well it may, indeed, for Tangier is an internationally administered zone, and French, Spanish, and Arab influences are all clearly apparent there. On leaving Tangier one passes through the Straits of Gibraltar, and after about a couple of hours the Rock of Gibraltar itself looms up on the horizon. It is immensely impressive, jutting right out into the sea, and incredibly steep, the harbour situated on the landward side and the town behind it, crammed, as it were, into the only flat space available. It is an amusing place to visit: its policemen look almost like English policeman—but not quite. Its post office is almost like an English post office—but not quite. In the shops they speak to you (rather volubly) in a language that is almost English—but again not quite. The temptation to buy things there is likely to prove overwhelmingly strong, just because there are so many things to buy and they are so cheap. And the only advice one can give in this respect is to remember that duty will have to be paid on most of them.

After Gibraltar the Mediterranean, smooth as a millpond on these summer days, lies open to you. Gibraltar itself is sometimes rather overcast and stuffy, but the sky clears by the time you are an hour or so away, and the established daily round of deck games, swimming, and sunbathing holds sway once more. Ceuta, Malaga, Palma, Philippeville, are among the ports that may be visited in the course of a fortnight's cruise, and they are all places as interesting in themselves as they are widely different from one another. Ceuta, perched on its rock (it is the "opposite number" on the African side to Gibraltar) was once, like Algiers, a stronghold of the Barbary corsairs. Philippeville, farther along the same coast, is a thriving modern city which gives a very good idea of the colonial activity of the French (a particularly well worth while excursion from here is to Constantine, some sixty miles inland); Malaga, with its wide avenues of palm trees, its gardens and mellow old buildings, is the most important town in southern Spain—and is within motoring distance (a fine, if slightly nerve-testing mountain drive) of Granada, where one can wander in the loveliest Moorish garden ever designed—that of the famous Alhambra. Palma is the capital of Majorca, one of those islands which people vow they will return to to end their days in, because it is beautiful and because life appears so simple. And some of them, it seems actually do!

On a three-weeks' cruise, of course, it is possible to get a good way farther afield still, and it should not be long now before English boats are calling again at some of the Italian ports, such as Naples and Palermo, which until a year ago were amongst the most popular of any visited. Then there is Malta, a place of fascination to archæologists, as well as more ordinary people, since it is very rich in remains of early civilisations in the Mediterranean as well as in evidences of the stirring history of more recent centuries. Next comes the Dalmatian coast, with a myriad of tiny islands to delight the eye, a mountain background, and cities "half as old as time" which the current of modern life has as yet left almost untouched. The Dalmatian coast is Europe's last-discovered Riviera, and though a day must inevitably come when it will be developed, it has still a few years of pristine charm left to it. Split and Dubrovnich are places that, having once seen, no one is ever likely to forget.

Where else remains to be considered? There is Madeira and there are the Canary Islands. A fortnight's cruise to Madeira, calling, say at Lisbon and Casablanca (on the coast of French Morocco) is a fortnight definitely well spent, and Madeira is one of the show places of the world, with marvellous flowers and scenery, and a population which appears perfectly to have mastered the art of living! There used to be a tradition that Madeira was unbearably hot at all seasons of year except mid-winter, but time has proved that false. The same is true of the Canaries, which offer an admirable objective for a three weeks' holiday, and most of the boats going there include Madeira as well in their itinerary, either on the way out or the way back. Santa Cruz and Las Palmas are the usual ports of call in the Canaries themselves, and there are some interesting excursions to be made from both of them.

Lisbon, incidentally is by no means to be despised, even though one's first view of it from the Tagus is slightly disappointing, the best part being hidden behind a hill. A call there generally allows time for a drive out to Cintra, which is a popular excursion, and takes one into some charming country.

S.S.

MOORISH SPAIN: An old gateway at Utrera a town twenty miles from Seville that was once famous as an asylum for fugitives from justice

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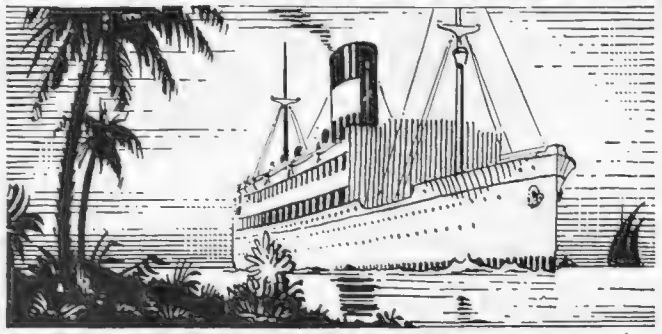

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MOUNTAINS, LAKE

Suggestions for Summer

THIS year there is hardly a country in Europe that does not seem to be exercising its most powerful blandishments to persuade you that there is some particularly good reason why you should visit it. And what is more, they are all quite right; they all deserve to be visited; each one has something about it that none of the others has, each one is justifiably proud of its own charms and justifiably eloquent about them, in an era in which international misunderstandings are sometimes apt to make one forget that ordinary people—the kind of people one meets travelling—have very much the same good qualities of character all the world over.

Drawn by Percy Home

MOUNTAINS AND ISLANDS OF WEST SCOTLAND: The beautiful Cuchullin peaks of Skye, seen from north of Mallaig on the mainland

First of all, of course, there is Great Britain. To say that Great Britain is really as beautiful as anywhere used to be a commonplace which everybody accepted, but to which nobody paid very much attention. Then came the crisis, when for a time it was difficult to get abroad at all, and we discovered, not without some surprise, that Great Britain really was as beautiful as anywhere else. Well, it still is. Take Scotland, where the distant mountains are tinted a shade of blueish purple that nowhere else in the world can imitate; where, after a single night's train journey, one can feel as far away from people and all the nerve-fraying troubles of ordinary life as if one had come to the end of the world. The mountains and islands of the West Coast, and particularly the neighbourhood of Oban, provide some perfect settings for a summer holiday, and even though you have to reconcile yourself to the idea of a certain amount of rain, the fine days generally predominate at this time of year—September is considered one of the best months—and more than compensate you for the bad ones.

Then, again, take the Lake District, so different from Scotland and yet so unlike the rest of England. A word of advice to people going to the Lake District: they must see the Duddon Valley, which lies just to the north of Coniston Water. If you go with a car there is nothing to be done but turn round and come back again when you get to the end, but it would still be worth it if the road were even narrower than it actually is. Or take the Yorkshire Moors, or soft spoken Wales, or Cornwall, with its tiny fishing villages sloping so steeply down to the sea; or Devon, which is an American's ideal conception of what England ought to be like . . . Yes, indeed, if you want to stay at home, there is plenty to see, and do.

And if one does not want to stay at home, what then? Well, there is Belgium quite close at hand, with its long miles of splendid bathing beaches, and picturesque cities with galleries full of art treasures; and there is France, where the Norman and Breton coasts are just now at their best; or going farther afield, there are the Savoyard Alps, where are fields, forests and lakes and incredibly good restaurants; or there is the Basque country—Pyrenean resorts like Cauterets or St. Jean de Luz, which have come socially very much to the fore in recent years, or, best of all, perhaps, Biarritz where there are marvellous bathing, marvellous golf, and a marvellous atmosphere of leisure and well-being.

Just round the corner, so to speak, on the other side of the Spanish frontier, is San Sebastian, another good place. It is much bigger, as a town, than Biarritz, and is very popular as a holiday resort among the Spaniards themselves, who flock up from the South to avoid the hottest weather of the year. In monarchist days the royal family used to spend the summer there, and this conferred on it a kind of *cachet* which it has retained under the Republic — understandably enough, for it is one of the best and prettiest of Spanish resorts.

IN BERESFORD DALE: The quiet stream with its old-world bridge. A typical Yorkshire scene

THE HEART OF THE LAKE DISTRICT: A view of the pine-fringed Blea Tarn with the Langdale Pikes in the background

ES, AND FORESTS

and Autumn Expeditions

But to return for a moment to France, there is still the Riviera to be mentioned. A report reached the "SPHERE Travel Bureau" the other day from an English visitor who is down there now, to the effect that the seriousness of the total strike appeared to have been a good deal exaggerated in this country. In any case, it is settled now, and the Riviera resorts generally, and especially Cannes and Monte Carlo, are expecting a brilliant summer season, particularly in view of the forthcoming visit of the King. Monte Carlo Beach (which, by the way, was not hit at all by the hotel strike) is already filling up, for the past couple of years have brought it widespread recognition as one of the most delectable spots on that delectable coast.

Where next? Germany? Switzerland? Austria? Czechoslovakia? Hungary? They must all be considered, if one wants to make the most of planning one's holiday.

Germany, of course, has an extra special attraction to offer this year in the Olympic Games, which take place in Berlin next month. Visitors to these will be sure of a real welcome and will certainly enjoy Berlin itself—it is one of the most progressive and animated cities in the world. And they will enjoy making a tour through some of the other parts of Germany after the Games, if they can spare the time for it. This is a thing very much to be recommended. Travel in Germany is extremely cheap at present, as in addition to the "registered marks" that English people can buy (which means that we are at no disadvantage in respect of the exchange) rail fares have been enormously reduced. And there are some lovely places to see—the Rhine, with its castles and vineyards, great cities such as Dresden and Munich, the Bavarian Alps, or spas like Baden Baden and Bad Nauheim, which are situated in very pretty country and where one's amusement is very well catered for during the season.

THE MOUNTAIN POOL: A scene on the Grialetsch Pass near Davos, Switzerland, where the summer tourist season is now at its height

Switzerland, of course, is always popular, and as long as the Alps have snow on them is likely to remain so. Here, again, railway fares have been brought down a lot, and hoteliers have done everything possible to make it worth our while to continue going there. Austria, too, enjoys a deserved popularity, both on account of the Salzburg Festival and the marvellous scenery of the Tirol and Carinthia. If one cannot quite make up one's mind where to go, it is quite safe in the first instance to take a ticket to Innsbruck and decide when one gets there: there are so many places, quite small, but with admirable hotel accommodation, that in a short space it would be invidious to start choosing between them. With regard to Czechoslovakia, this country was discussed in last week's SPHERE Travel Article, so it is unnecessary to do more than repeat that Prague is a city that *must* be seen, that spas like Pistany are very pleasant places, that the High Tatras offer some of the finest mountain scenery in Europe, and that the Czechs are extremely hospitable.

And now, last of all, there is Hungary, which this year, apparently, is drawing a record number of English visitors. To go down the Danube by steamer from Vienna to Budapest is a good way of spending a summer day, and to wander from café to café on the Buda Hill (the right bank of the river as one approaches) while dusk gathers into night, and night imperceptibly gives place to the dawn, is one of the most romantic experiences to be enjoyed anywhere in the world—there are gipsy music, sweet heady wine, and a faint smell of clover fields in the air, while the lights of Pest twinkle like another sky away beneath the terrace where you are sitting, and you can just trace the black, snake-like course of the Danube threading its way among them.

Richard Nowell

A GLIMPSE OF THE MIGHTY DANUBE from the river steamer to Budapest

BAVARIA'S LAKES AND MOUNTAINS: The Eib-See, a dark lake framed with trees and dominated by the precipices of the Zugspitze

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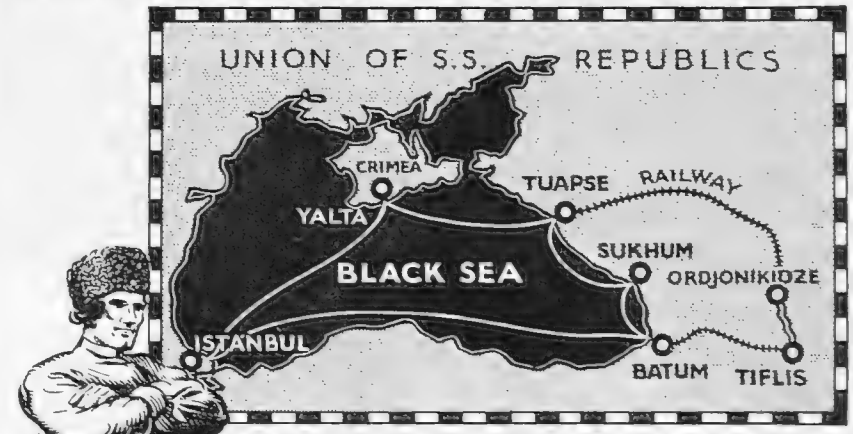

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CRUISING NOTES

THE AGE-OLD CAPITAL OF GEORGIA: A view of the Tartar quarter of the picturesque city of Tiflis, an excursion to which forms part of the Royal Mail Line cruise to the Black Sea ports in the *Atlantis* in September

A Cruising Guide.—The little guide to cruising which Messrs. Thos. Cook and Son, Ltd., have brought out this summer is reassuringly informal, and manages to tell you all you need to know about planning and carrying out a cruising holiday without making it appear unnecessarily complicated. There are sections (very brief sections, but they get to the root of the matter) on booking the passage, choosing accommodation, clothes, luggage, utility services on board, health hints, buying souvenirs, tipping, and shore excursions—which is really everything you've got to think about. What a pity the Inland Revenue authorities do not give us "brief hints" about our assessment forms in an equally sympathetic manner! The booklet is called *Cruising Recipes*.

Launching a Liner.—August 5 will be a red-letter day in the annals of Ellerman's City and Hall Lines, for their new ship the *City of Benares*, is being launched then. She is a handsome vessel of 11,260 tons (gross) and has cabin accommodation for 218 passengers. The interior decoration is modern and tasteful, and a particularly noteworthy feature of the design of the ship is the extensive deck space available for passengers.

She is due to leave Liverpool on her maiden voyage (to Karachi and Bombay) on October 24, and by travelling overland to Marseilles and joining her there, passengers will be able to reach Karachi in fourteen days from London. This, incidentally, is the only direct service to Karachi.

An Unusual Cruise.—For late September and the first three weeks of October, the Royal Mail Line have a cruise in view that is right off the beaten track. Leaving Southampton on the 26th, the *Atlantis* will proceed by way of Ceuta, Malta, and Istanbul, to the following Black Sea ports: Batum, Sukhum, Tuapse, and Yalta. Quite apart from the interest of visiting these remote and outlying parts of the U.S.S.R. (Batum is at the frontier of the Trans-Caucasian Republic and Turkey), there is the chance of seeing a coastline that before the war was generally recognised to be among the most beautiful in the world. In Czarist days Yalta was one of a number of fashionable resorts that people used to go to after the Petersburg and Moscow "season." A special feature of the cruise is an excursion to Tiflis, the capital of Georgia. Fares are forty-eight guineas and upwards, and Southampton will be reached again on October 24.

Going up the Amazon.—The next Amazon cruise of the Booth Line steamship *Hilary* (7,500 tons) starts from Liverpool on August 7, and after that there will be a sailing every alternate month. As already announced in the SPHERE Travel Notes, a special range of summer fares will be in operation for the August cruise—£60, £70 and £75, instead of the usual £75, £80 and £85. The popularity of these cruises, which go right up to Manáos, a thousand miles from the mouth of the river, is now firmly established, and in addition to the unique interest of this part of the route, there is also the attraction of calls at Leixões (Oporto), Lisbon and Madeira. In summer the Amazon climate is, of course, pretty warm, but to people in normal health, by no means intolerably so.

Tours to the West.—The Canadian Pacific tours to Eastern Canada and the U.S.A. are typical of the widening sphere of organised travel at the present time, and are certainly a credit to the Company that has instituted them. There are five leaving in August and three in September, at fares from £66 for twenty days and £92 for twenty-six days. A tour in this latter category includes visits to Quebec, Ottawa, Toronto, Niagara, New York, Chicago, Washington, and Montreal, which, it must be admitted, is very comprehensive.

A NEW VIEW OF HISTORIC QUEBEC: The Canadian Pacific have organised cruises up the St. Lawrence to the famous city of Quebec, combining history and fine scenery

Incidentally, two well-known vessels of the Canadian Pacific the *Montclare* and the *Montcalm*, will be doing some short cruises to the Atlantic Islands and the Western Mediterranean during the next couple of months—less ambitious than a trip across

(Cont. on page 172)

..even lions are careful how they tackle a gemsbok!

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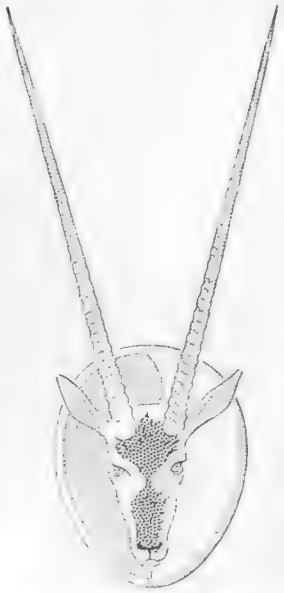

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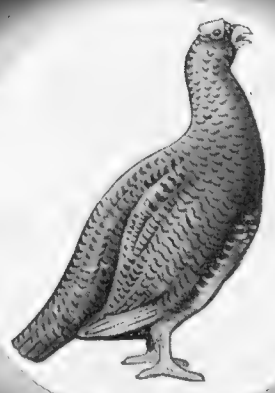

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THE BAYFORDBURY HOTEL

THE CORNISH RIVIERA CLUB

THE CARLYON BAY GOLF CLUB

Also a few small modern furnished houses, commanding magnificent sea views, to be let.

For full particulars apply to Dept. S, General Offices, Carlyon Bay, Cornwall. Telephone: Par 198: or to London Office, 12A, Charterhouse Sq., E.C.1. Telephone: Clerkenwell 7847.

A fine old Coaching House with the emphasis on comfort, cuisine and a good cellar, which serves as a holiday centre for glorious Devon, or for a chance meal and a night's rest . . . be you on business or pleasure bound.

Royal Clarence Hotel

A.A. EXETER R.A.C.

An Hotel in short where old associations and modern comforts are admirably blended. Grill Room. Lifts to all floors. Please write for Tariff and Illustrated Brochure.

Telephone: 4071-2. Telegrams: "Royal Clarence, Exeter."

FOLKESTONE—PRINCES' HOTEL

A.A. R.A.C. Quiet position adjoining Pleasure Gardens. Lift all floors. Softened Water. Garage 100 yards. Private Suites and Rooms with Bath Room attached.

FULLY LICENSED. 'Phone: 2666 (2 lines).

The

CAIRN HYDRO HARROGATE

First Class Hotel with Accommodation for 300 Visitors, and a Full Suite of Medical Baths. Dancing every evening.

Tennis.

Golf Course 5 mins. away.

Telegrams: "CAIRN"

Telephone: 4005 (5 lines)

HASTINGS—QUEEN'S HOTEL

Leading and Best

Finest position on Sea Front.
Unequalled for Comfort and Cuisine.

Luxurious Suites. Own Garage. Private Bathrooms.

Terms from 15/- daily.

Telephone: Hastings 201. Telegrams: "Queens, Hastings."

AVENUE HOTEL HARROGATE

A very attractive hotel in the north

—for the "CURE" and the EPICURE!

Close Baths, principal Shops etc. Excellent food, and special "Cure" diets, if desired. Comfortably furnished rooms. Pleasant restful atmosphere. Resident Bridge Hostess. From £4 4 0 weekly. Illustrated brochure "M" on request.

THE BIRCH HOTEL

Only 39 miles from London . . . 45 minutes by electric train . . . 14 miles from Brighton . . . 28 miles from Eastbourne . . . the Birch Hotel, 400 ft. up. In the gardens are tennis courts . . . a swimming pool . . . and golf is but a mile away. And inside . . . an oak-

HAYWARDS HEATH

panelled country house: 22 bedrooms with running water and telephones—in short, all that you expect in a very first-class hotel, and a great deal more.

Telephone: Haywards Heath 670

IN THE BEAUTIES OF THE SUSSEX DOWNS OVERLOOKING THE GLORIOUS ARUN VALLEY

LODGE HILL HOTEL

WATERSFIELD PULBOROUGH

A SUPERBLY APPOINTED HOTEL, RECENTLY OPENED AND FULLY LICENSED, SURROUNDED BY 30 ACRES PINEWOODS WITH EVERY WINDOW HAVING A PERFECT PANORAMA OF THE SUSSEX DOWNS. GOLF (WEST SUSSEX GOLF CLUB). TENNIS. RIDING. SEA BATHING.

TELEPHONE: BURY 111.

In Quest of

The Cairn Hydro Hotel, Luxury and Comfort with Its

HARROGATE by road from London is, in point of time, the shortest 200 miles I know. My own car being employed on a domestic mission, my Good Samaritan again came to the rescue and lent me his Hillman Minx Magnificent. And magnificent it proved to be. I cruised at an effortless speed of fifty-five miles an hour up the Great North Road, often touched sixty and sixty-five, and once just to show what she was made of the speedometer needle reached seventy. And in spite of thirty-mile limits and a most unpleasant thunderstorm which lashed me with its tail, I did the journey to the Cairn Hydro Hotel, Harrogate, at an average speed of thirty-five miles an hour.

The hour being late I went straight to bed, and when I awoke in the morning thought for a few moments that I was in my own bed at home, which is the highest compliment I could possibly pay to any hotel bed anywhere.

I was very glad to revisit the Cairn as, whenever I go there, I feel I am back again amongst old friends. The head porter has been there since a boy. Frank and Miss White, the principal masseuse in the baths (for the Cairn is a hydro as well as an hotel), are half the cure in themselves, whilst if the dining room and upstairs staff were to wear stars on their uniforms to indicate their years of service, as the staff of a certain hotel on the South Coast do, the visitors at the Cairn would be seeing stars in truth!

But what particularly impressed me was that the Cairn staff are so very cheerful and willing. They greet you with a smile, take your orders with a smile, and you leave with their smiles in your memory. I asked Mr. Arthur Wynn, who has been associated with the management of the Cairn Hydro Hotel for a number of years, the secret of the staff, and he said, "Well, we do get duds from time to time, but we try to keep the best."

Personally, from what I saw behind the scenes, the best do their very best to see that they are retained at the Cairn, because I cannot recollect any behind the scenes so clean, so complete, and so well air-conditioned. The serving-room in particular is a model of perfection, and visitors staying at the Cairn are invited at any time to make a tour of inspection behind the scenes, so that they can see for themselves that the spick-and-spanness of the public part of the hotel does not abruptly end when you pass through into the staff quarters.

Such a tour is most impressive. Your wonderment about the freshness and sweetness of the toast, the cleanliness of silver and plate, the tastefulness of everything you eat is answered completely.

And the same note of efficiency runs throughout the hotel. Every bedroom is complete to the last detail. Your

ALEXANDRA HOTEL HYDE PARK CORNER LONDON, S.W.1

A good address—

in the sense that it is in the heart of fashionable London directly overlooking Hyde Park, and is so convenient for reaching your social or business rendezvous. Here both residence and entertainment are a pleasure and an economy.

140 delightful rooms (and suites), each with running water, central heating and telephone. The terms—an agreeable surprise. Brochure on request. Under the same management as Oatlands Park Hotel. Telephone: Sloane 4521 (10 lines).

Overlooking Rotten Row

"There are regular weekly dances throughout the summer and holiday times, and as we have a first-class radio gramophone, anyone can dance whenever they wish."

. . . an extract from our rather original booklet. May we send you a copy?

FERRING GRANGE HOTEL Nr. WORTHING

THE SPHERE REGISTER

Abingdon.—The Crown & Thistle (Oxford 6 miles)
Bath.—Pulteney Hotel. Tel. 3281.
Bath.—Grand Pump Room Hotel. Tel. 3266.
Bath.—Lansdown Grove Hotel. 'Phone 3235-6.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Granville Hotel. Tel. 1437.
Blackpool.—The Headlands Private Hotel.
Bognor Regis.—Carlton Hotel. 'Phone 656.
Bognor Regis.—Royal Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 40.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Brighton.—Royal Crescent Hotel. Tel. 4171.
Bude.—The Grenville Hotel.
Carlyon Bay.—St. Austell Bay Hotel.
Droitwich Spa.—Raven Hotel. Tel. 50.
Eastbourne.—Hydro Hotel.
Evesham.—Mansion House Hotel.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Exford, nr. Minehead.—Crown Hotel. 'Phone 43.
Folkestone.—Princes' Hotel.
Guildford.—Tangley Hall. Tel. Shalford 179.
Harrogate.—The Cairn Hydro. Tel. 4005.
Harrogate.—Prospect Hotel. Tel. 3015-3016.
Hastings.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 201.
Hastings.—Albany Hotel. Tel. 761 and 762.
Haywards Heath.—The Birch Hotel.
Keswick, English Lakes.—The Keswick Hotel.
Keswick (English Lakes).—The Borrowdale Htl.
Keswick, English Lakes.—Royal Oak Hotel.
Littlehampton.—Southlands Private Hotel.
Llandudno.—Imperial Hotel. Tel. 6206.
Llandudno.—St. George's Hotel.
Lyme Regis.—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.
Lyndhurst (Hants.).—Holmfield Hotel.
Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro.
Middleton-on-Sea (Sussex).—Southdean. Tel. 8.
Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. 511.
Pulborough.—Lodge Hill Hotel.
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.

Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

Harrogate, which Combines Famous Baths and Treatments

luggage arrives by its own luggage lift—often before you. The corridors gleam with paint, and are heavily carpeted, so you don't hear either late-comers or Boots, and it must be a source of satisfaction to the apprehensive that the fire-control appliances can reach every nook and cranny of the building, and can be brought into play immediately—in fact are quite the most complete I have come across.

"There's life at Harrogate always"—so Harrogate's new slogan runs, and wet or fine, winter or summer there is always life going on at the Cairn. Outside there are four acres of grounds (the roses were a living picture when I was there the other week). Hard courts for tennis, and ample room for children to romp in, and their elders to read.

Indoors, life in many variations at all times of the day. In the morning the ingoing or outgoing of those enjoying Harrogate's moorland air, her shops, her many attractions. In the afternoon an animated scene when tea time arrives and the orchestra plays; whilst in the evening, there is nightly dancing on a ballroom floor which never tires your feet, bridge and billiards, whilst for those who desire greater quietude and privacy there are—well, the Cairn, as you will find, does cater for all.

But the Cairn is a model hydro as well as a model hotel, for whilst the baths and treatments available at the Cairn are not intended to compete with the Royal Baths, where the sulphur waters which have made Harrogate famous the world over are alone obtainable, the Cairn's baths and treatments are in constant demand by resident visitors, particularly those who might find a difficulty in getting up and down to the Royal Baths in the centre of the town.

There is much more that could be said about the Cairn. Any reader of THE SPHERE who is prompted to book accommodation by reason of my brief description, will find I have in no way exaggerated, but on the contrary have been, so to speak, very sparing with "the butter."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

Courtyards.—E. V. M. specialises in finding out old inns with interesting courtyards, can I help her? she writes. An interesting enquiry indeed, for I can, and will one day write an article solely on this subject. But here is one which I often pine for on hot summer evenings. the wisteria-clad courtyard of the Crown and Thistle at Abingdon, where there is a Continental flavouring both in its surroundings and cooking. If you do not know this old Inn it is one well worth making a note of.

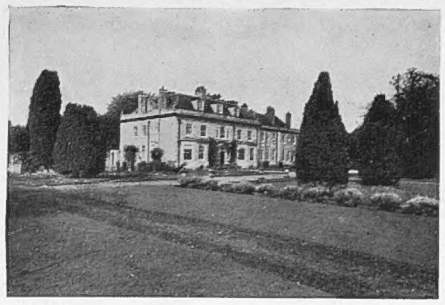
En route to Cornwall.—Several readers ask for the names of some hotels farther afield than the two I mentioned the other week. Here are two excellent

(Continued on page 172)

BEAUPORT PARK HOTEL

ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA

The ideal hotel for quiet amid beautiful surroundings. All rooms have c.h.w., telephones, fine views over 1,000 acres of magnificent parkland. The appointments are superior, the food is excellent.



TENNIS, RIDING, GOLF, DANCING, SEA BATHING (one mile)

Inclusive Terms from 3½ guineas.

London 1 h. 20 mins. fast train.

Postal address: Battle.

Telephone: Baldslow 222–3.

SELSDON PARK HOTEL

SANDERSTEAD SURREY

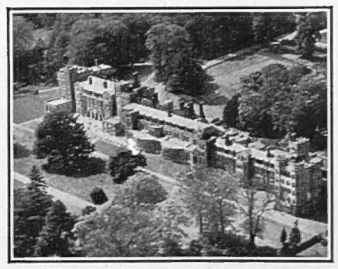
Half an hour from the City and West End, yet over 500 ft. up on the Surrey Hills.

A DE LUXE HOTEL

(Now Greatly Enlarged)

AT MODERATE INCLUSIVE TERMS.

FREE GOLF ON PRIVATE 18-HOLE COURSE (6,361 yds.) IN OWN PARK OF 230 ACRES.



Illustrated brochure on request.

Full en pension with free service to station, magnificent solarium, billiards, tennis, dancing, squash rackets, electric gymnasium, open-air swimming pool, all free. Riding. The ideal residence where congenial company and country house atmosphere can always be found. Hot and cold water, telephone and radiator in every room. Numerous suites and rooms with private baths.

CADOGAN HOTEL

***SLOANE STREET* LONDON**

Telephone: Sloane 7141.

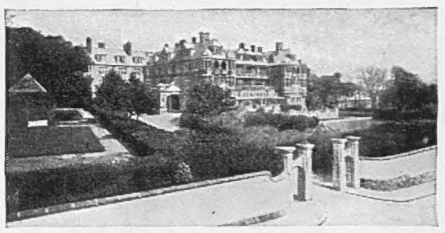
Situated centrally in the West End, overlooking Gardens, and within a few minutes of Victoria Station, Hyde Park and Piccadilly. Private suites. Bedrooms with private bathrooms and toilets. Telephone in all rooms. Renowned for Cuisine and Service.

Fully Licensed. *Wedding Receptions*

VICTORIA HOTEL, SIDMOUTH

Fully Licensed

First-class, overlooking Sea, Marine Shelter. Running Water and Radiators in all Bedrooms.



Self-contained Suites

Billiards

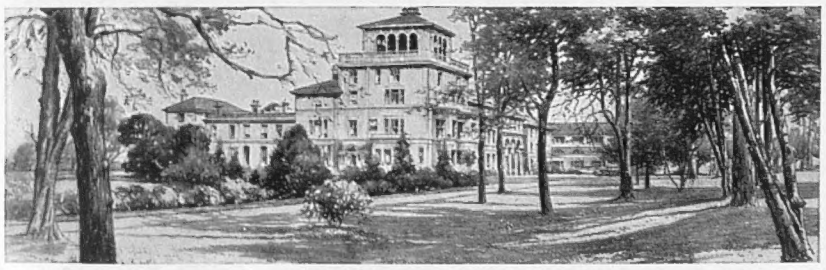
Lift

Lock-up Garages

R.A.C. A.A.

Telephone 11

OATLANDS PARK HOTEL WEYBRIDGE



Beautiful Park of 60 acres. Private Golf Course. Swimming Pool. Tennis, Badminton, and Squash Courts. Dancing every Saturday. All inclusive, at from 5 guineas weekly.

Illustrated Brochure with pleasure. Telephone: Weybridge 1190 (six lines).

STORRS HALL HOTEL

will be appreciated by all those who would escape from the noise of traffic and trippers . . . and would feast on delectable scenery as well as delectable food. Reduced Autumn terms.

Write W. J. and M. H. Warren. Telephone: 140 Windermere.

on the shore of Lake Windermere

AN HOTEL WITH TRIPLE PURPOSE

- *ship:* prior to cruising and sailing from Southampton . . . or just meeting friends.
- *motor:* as a pivotal point for touring the New Forest, Isle of Wight, Salisbury Plain, etc.
- *business:* as a quiet and extremely comfortable rendezvous for all and any kind of business.

THE POLYGON SOUTHAMPTON

Full details from J. DOWLAND, Manager. Tel.: Southampton 5061

THE KESWICK HOTEL

The pivotal centre of the English Lakes, and from whose windows you get a magnificent 9 mile panoramic view of the Scawfell Range. An Hotel that is brimful of interest. Interesting food, intriguing wines, 100 inviting bedrooms, and by no means least the interest of the Resident Proprietors, who represent an unbroken chain of four generations.

Come to the Keswick Hotel in September if possible . . . the lights on the hills and the tints of the trees are never to be forgotten. Proprietors: J. & M. Wivell and Son. Telephone: Keswick 20

OF BRITISH HOTELS

Shaldon (S. Devon).—Undercliff Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Victoria Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Fortfield Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Knowle Hotel. Tel. 5.
Sidmouth.—Torbay View Private Hotel.
Southampton.—The Polygon Hotel.
Southport.—Waverley Hotel Ltd., Promenade.
Stratford-on-Avon.—Edstone Hall Guesthouse.
St. Leonards-on-Sea.—Beauport Park Hotel.
Taunton (Somerset).—Castle Hotel. 'Phone 2671.
Tavistock (Devon).—Bedford Hotel. Tel. 37.
Tewkesbury, Gloucester.—Royal Hop Pole Htl.
Torquay.—Palm Court Hotel.
West Wickham (Kent).—Wickham Court Hotel
Weybridge.—Oatlands Park Hotel.
Windermere.—Storrs Hall Hotel.
Worthing.—Percival's Hotel. Sea front. Tel. 1661.
Worthing.—Ferring Grange Hotel.

LONDON

Alexandra Hotel.—Hyde Park.
Cadogan Hotel. Sloane Street, S.W.1.
Hotel Constance, Lancaster Gate, W.2. Padd. 8003
De Vere Hotel. S.W.7. West 0051.
Goring Hotel, S.W.1. Victoria 8210.

SCOTLAND

Peebles.—Peebles Hydro.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Rostrevor (Co. Down).—Great N. (Rly) Hotel.

IRISH FREE STATE

Bundoran (Co. Donegal).—Great N. (Rly) Hotel.
Glendalough, Co. Wicklow.—Royal Hotel.
Greenore (Co. Louth).—Great N. (Rly) Hotel.
Greystones, Co. Wicklow.—Grand Hotel.

SCOTLAND.

Peebles among the Pines for Pleasure

From the first sweet breath of its pine-clad hill air, Peebles gives health and pleasure; in the heart of the romantic Scottish Borderland, with a gay round of pleasures to make every day of your stay memorable. Golf Competitions, Swimming Galas, Tennis Tournaments, Putting, Croquet, Badminton; Bridge Drives, Resident Orchestra, Dancing every evening. Fully licensed.

WRITE FOR TARIFF

PEEBLES HYDRO

CRUISING NOTES

(Continued from page 168)

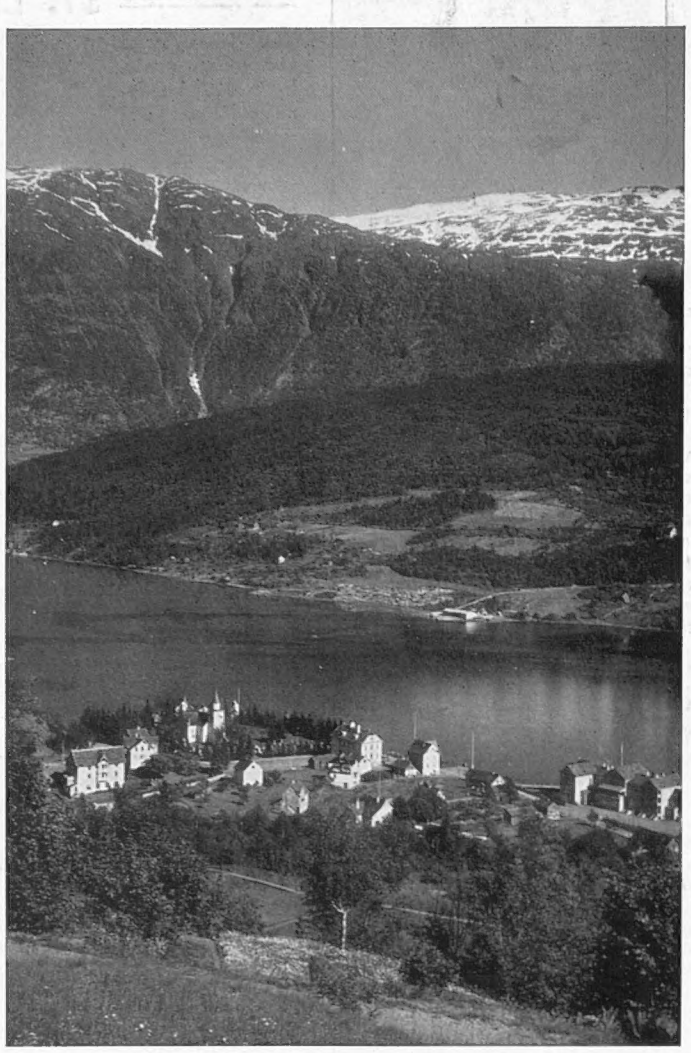
the Atlantic, certainly, but by no means to be despised.

"Voltaire" and "Vandyck" Cruises.—Messrs. Lamport and Holt possess in these ships two of the most popular cruising liners afloat. As usual, they have a full programme for August and September, including sailings to the Atlantic Islands, the Norwegian fjords, the Mediterranean, and the West African coast. This last-named destination is particularly interesting, being rather off the beaten track. Both at Dakar (Senegal) and Bathurst (Gambia) one gets fascinating glimpses of native African life—and one also gets nice warm weather. The *Voltaire* is sailing on September 26 on a cruise which will include visits to these places (and also Casablanca, Santa Cruz de la Palma, and Madeira). This will take twenty-one days, and the minimum fare is 28 guineas. One of the most attractive of the *Vandyck* cruises, on the other hand, is to the Norwegian fjords, starting on August 8, and visiting Oslo, Ulvik, and Eidfjord (in the Hardangerfjord), Bergen, Olden, Loen, Merok, Molde, and returning to Liverpool on the 21st. The minimum fare for this is 16 guineas.

The Cunard White Star Triumph.—The completion and sailing of the *Queen Mary* has undoubtedly been the biggest event of this and many previous summers in the shipping world, but it is now that some of the tumult and the shouting have died that we can begin to appreciate how she is really a ship for the whole people, and not just for that section of it which is accustomed to crossing and re-crossing the Atlantic in luxury liners. To go to America for a fortnight at an inclusive cost of £37 5s. is in itself an attractive proposition enough, and to make the journey there and back in the *Queen Mary* renders it doubly so.

Some seventeen suggestions have been worked out for tours in America in connection with the sailings of the *Queen Mary* and range between four days in New York for £3 15s. and twenty-five days travelling on the American continent for £62 5s. which will include visits to the following places: New York, Philadelphia, Washington, St. Louis, Salt Lake City, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Grand Canyon, Colorado Springs, Chicago, and Niagara Falls. The rates quoted are comprehensive and cover accommodation at good, comfortable hotels, first class transportation by rail, river steamer, and motor coach, and a full programme of sightseeing.

Two tours of particular interest to well disposed parents next month are the "Scholars' Tour" which starts from Southampton on August 8 by the *Aurania*, and the "Public Schools' Tour" which starts a week later from the same port, by the *Ausonia*. The former goes to Quebec, Montreal, Thousand Islands, Toronto, Niagara Falls, and New York, whence the return journey will be made on the *Britannic*, sailing for England on August 22. The fare for this is 29½ guineas. The latter goes to the same places, and Ottawa, Camp Kagawong (Kawartha Lakes) and Albany as well, and the return journey will be in the *Queen Mary*, leaving New York on November 9. For this the fare will be 42 guineas.



SHELTERED BY NATURE'S MIGHTY RAMPARTS: A glimpse of Ulvik in the Hardangerfjord. An attractive cruise has been organised by Messrs. Lamport and Holt, whose ship, *Vandyck*, leaves Liverpool on August 8 bound for the Norwegian fjords

IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

(Continued from page 171)

"half-way hotels"—Easton Court, Chagford, and close by Mill End Hotel, Chagford, both delightful.

Stratford-on-Avon.—I have had an enquiry for accommodation near Stratford-on-Avon, a little off the beaten track. I suggest Edstone Hall Guest House, where you can muse on Shakespeare or other things without disturbance. It is situated in a lovely park and is only 4 miles from Stratford.

B. T. E., Holland Park, enquires for somewhere on the north side of London "not too far" where he can dine in an old-world atmosphere—really good food essential. I have written and told him that he cannot beat the King's Head Hotel at Harrow, right on the Hill. Old Harrovians may scoff at my recommendation, but if they go there now they will discover the discovery I recently made—it is excellent.

N. T., Chester, asks for a comfortable hotel in Bath, but not in the hollow of the City. The answer is quickly given—Lansdown Grove Hotel, on one of the hills above Bath, with free transport to and from the town. It is run in conjunction with the Pulteney Hotel. *Verb. sap.*

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him c/o the Editor of THE SPHERE, *32, St. Bride Street, E.C.4.*

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Or Most Travel Agents

CONTINENTAL HOTELS

AUSTRIA.

Semmering.—Grand Hotel Panhans.—The wld.-ren'd., most u-t-d. htl. of the Aus. Alps, only 60 mls. fm. Vienna. In. & out. spts. Cures. Casino.

Vienna.
Hotel Sacher.
Op. the Opera House. Exclusive but inexpensive

BELGIUM.

Knocke-Zoute.—Palace Hotel.—Facing sea and bathing. Moderate terms. Near Casino. Golf. Tennis. Tel. Address—Palace, Knocke.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA.

Franzensbad, C.S.R.—Hotel Königsvilla.—The best place for Rheumatic-Heart complaints and women's functional disorders. Prospectus.

FRANCE.

Le Touquet.—Hotel des Anglais.—In forest adjoining Casino. Every possible comfort. Large park. Own bus to Golf and Sea. Moderate.

Le Touquet (P. de C.).—Golf Hotel.—Facing the famous links. Privilege of daily golf vouchers.

Le Touquet.—Hotel Regina.—Facing Sea. Opp. Swimming pool. First-class residential hotel. Own private huts on the beach. Moderate.

Royat.—Grand Hotel Majestic Palace.—Private park of 10 acres. Tennis Courts. Near Thermal Establishment. Phone in every room.

GERMANY.

Baden-Baden.—Brenner's Park Hotel.—Family Hotel de Luxe, facing river next Casino, Theatre, Sporting Grounds. Pension fr. 14 M.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Europe.—Most beautiful position opp. Casino. Modernly renovated. 200 beds. Rooms fr. RM.4, Pension fr. RM.10.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Frankfurter Hof.—Wholly renov. 1935, facing Kurpark, a home fm. home. Manager's wife English. Prices mod.

Baden-Baden.—Holland Hotel.—150 beds. Large park, close Casino. Pension terms RM.11 upwards. Personal management: H. A. Rössler.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Stadt Strassburg.—Fr. Hoellischer. First-class family hotel. Full pension from RM. 9.

Bad Nauheim.—Hotel Augusta Victoria.—Situated directly opposite the Baths. Park. Every comfort. Full pension from RM.9.

Bad Nauheim.—Jeschke's Grand Hotel.—The leading hotel. Open as usual, but better than ever. Special reduced rates in 1936.

Bad Nauheim.—Park Hotel.—First-class home comfort combined with excellent cuisine and service.

Bad Schwalbach (Taunus).—Staatl. Kurhotel. Every room with private toilette and balcony. Built 1931. Terms from RM.10.50.

Cologne.—Hotel Comoedienhof.—Qt. hotel nr. stn. & cath. All mdn. conv., rms. fm. RM.4, with pr. bath fm. RM.8. Alfred Grieshaber, Mgr.

Dresden.—Hotel Bellevue.—The leading Hotel. Unique pos. on river. Grdn.-Pk. Terraces. Red. rates. Grge. Man. Dir. R. Bretschneider.

CONTINENTAL HOTELS—*continued.*

GERMANY—*continued.*

Dresden.—Hotel Schiller.—The latest, first-class hotel. World-renowned, distinguished family home. Near station.

Düsseldorf.—Breidenbacher Hof.—Ldg. htl. Wrld-rend. Fav. home of int. soc. Fam. "Grill." Am. Bar. Orch. Gar. 150 R fr. 5.50, 50 baths fr. 9.

Freiburg.—Hotel Zähringer Hof.—The leading hotel of the district. Thoroughly first-class. 160 beds, 50 bathrooms.

Garmisch, Bavarian Alps, **Sonnenbichl.—Golf Hotel.**—Facing the Zugspitze. First-class family hotel. Excellent cuisine.

Garmisch Partenkirchen.—Hotels Gibson/Schönblick.—First-class houses. All modern comfort, near sporting grounds. Mod. terms.

Heidelberg.—Hotel Europe.—First class. Quiet location in old park. Rooms from RM.5.

Heidelberg.—Hotel zum Ritter.—Historical place, famous for centuries, first-class restaurant, every comfort. Manager: I. Küpfer.

Leipzig.—Hotel Astoria.—The latest and most perf. htl-bldng. Select home of internat. Socty. & Arist'cy. Man. by M. Hartung. Coun. of Com.

Munich.—Hotel Excelsior.—Facing station. Renovated 1936. 270 beds, from RM. 4–6.50. Garage-service, excellent restaurant.

Munich.—Park Hotel.—Well-known family house. All rooms with hot and cold running water. Most reasonable rates.

Sand.—Kurhaus Sand.—R.A.C. Hotel (2,900 ft.) Black Forest nr. Baden-Baden. Lake and sun bathing, fishing, incl. terms fr. M.6. Catalogues.

Stuttgart.—Hotel Graf Zeppelin.—Facing Main Station. The most up-to-date Hotel in South Germany.

Triberg, Black Forest.—Parkhotel Wehrle.—The house of comfort and refinement in the Black Forest. Fully illus. prospectus on demand.

Villingen.—Kurhaus Waldhotel.—220 beds. Situated amidst an extensive forest.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Schwarzer Bock.—First-class family hotel, 300 beds. Medical bath in Hotel. Golf. Tennis. Garage. Pens. fr. Mks. 8.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Rose.—World-renowned Hotel, own bathing establishment. Patronised by English & American Society. Pens. fr. Marks 11.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Vier Jahreszeiten (4 seasons).—Select home of Soc. Best pos. opp. the Kurhaus, Opera & Parks. Pens. fr. RM. 12.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Nassauer Hof.—World-rend. Finest pos. op. Pk. & Opera. Wiesbaden Springs. Pat. best Brit. Soc. Pens. fr. Mks. 12.

Wiesbaden.—Palast Hotel.—First-class Hotel, opposite Kochbrunnen. Every possible comfort. Own bath-estab. Pens. from RM. 10.

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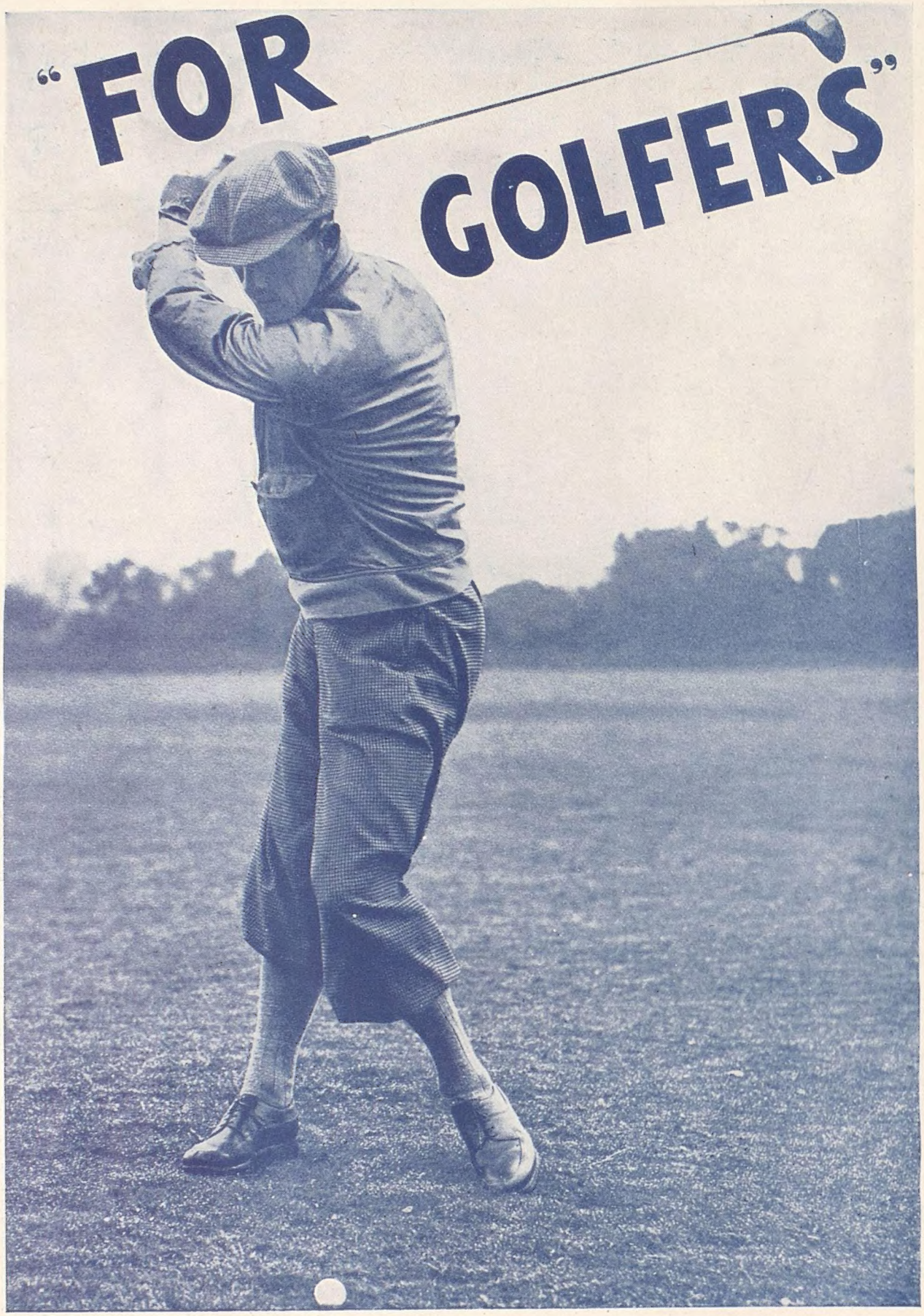

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